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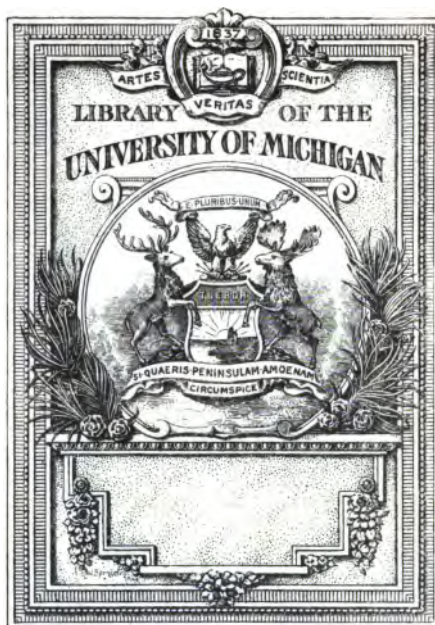
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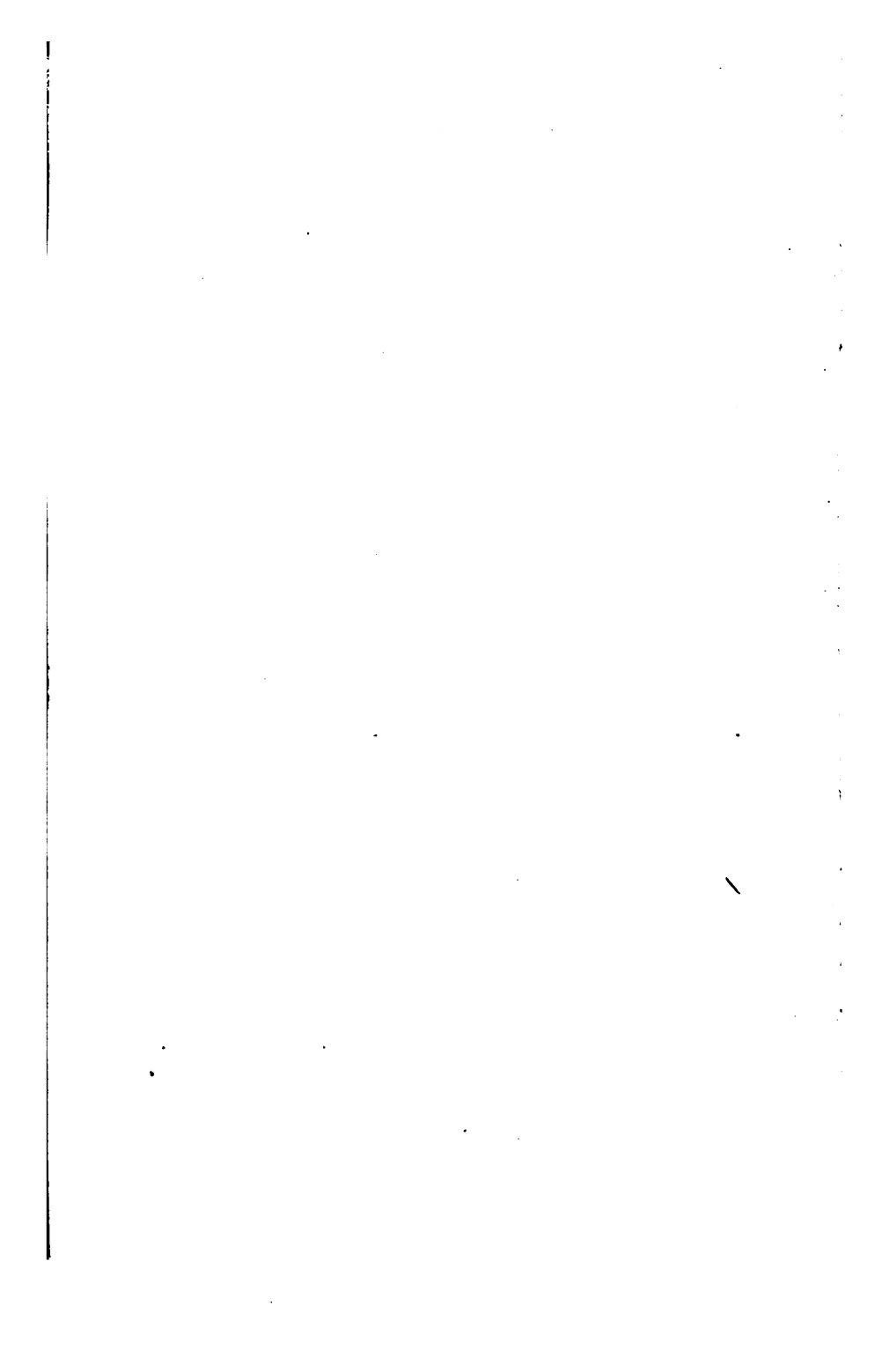
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POWER OF THE PASSIONS;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

1153

for Mrs Lavinia Sand,
with the compliments of the Author

POWER OF THE PASSIONS;

AND

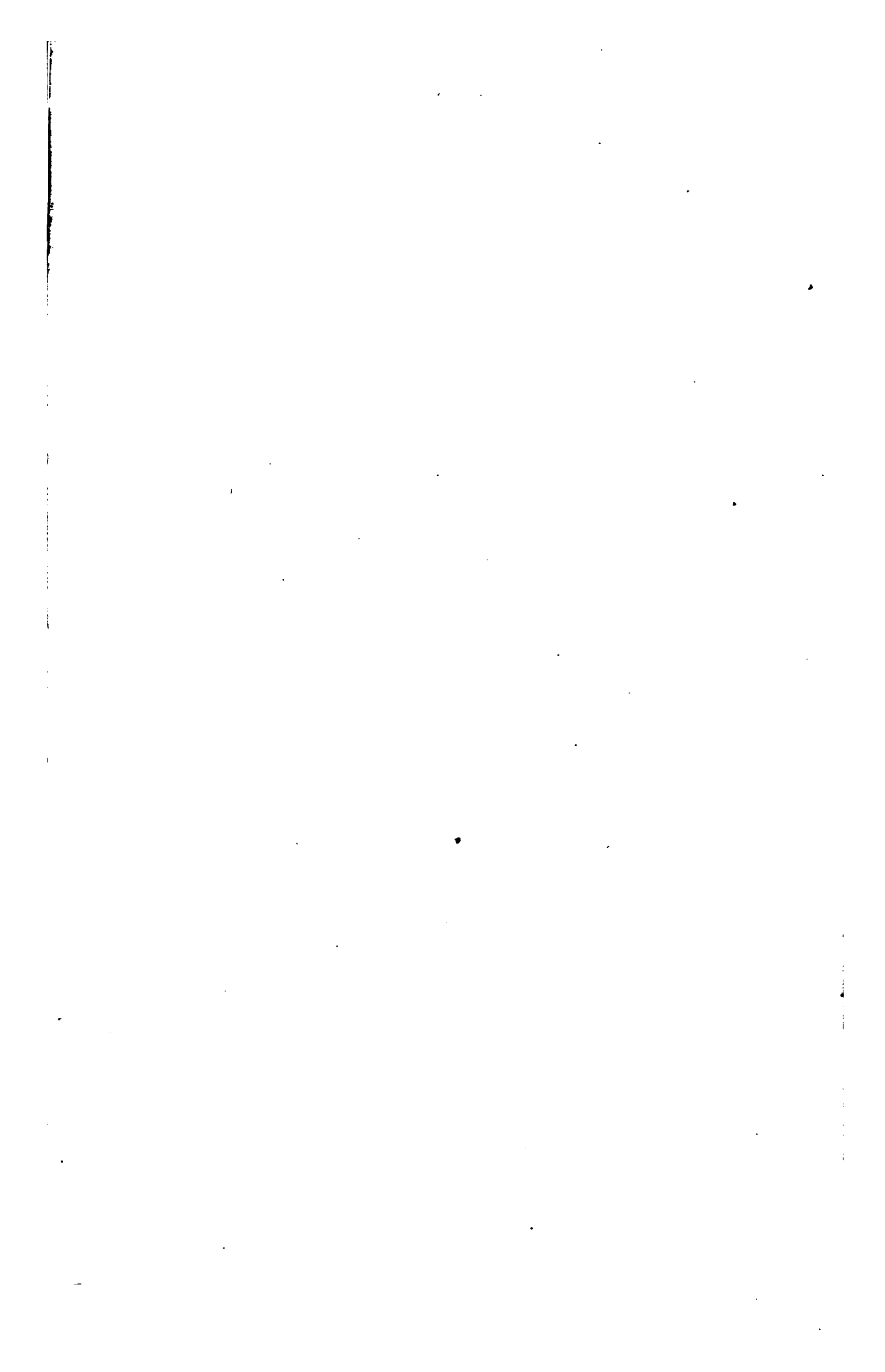
OTHER POEMS.

BY

MRS KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE.

LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING.

MDCCCLXII.



301063.5

COURTEOUS READER,

I should like to write a PREFACE, if I could.—Such an ample field is afforded, for appealing to the sympathy and generosity of the “Liberal Public.” Such emphatic words as “youthful diffidence,” “consciousness of errors,” “request of friends,” “leisure hours,” “relief in solitude,”—all these once attracted my delighted attention, and I resolved, if I ever should write a book, to present therewith a very sentimental Preface. But upon this subject my opinions are changed. Negatively speaking of my volume—“youthful diffidence” I cannot plead; “consciousness of errors,” I might, which I own I have had time enough to correct. I do not publish at the “request of friends,” for no friends, to my knowledge, were ever particularly anxious for such an event. Nor for the amusement of my “leisure hours,” for, since my remembrance, I never had any. Nor as a “relief in solitude,” for I am never alone. And permit me to add, not for gold, for my muse will never become a Croesus. Lastly, not for Fame, for light is my regard for her vain breath.

A PREFACE is an article which I am by no means prepared to attempt, being apprehensive that my labours might terminate like those of a certain venerable individual, of spelling-book celebrity, who, in companionship with his son, and a long-eared fellow-traveller, by his anxiety to please everybody, found, to his mortification, that he could please nobody. Now, with the very moderate desire of pleasing somebody, I have determined to write no preface to my book, because I am not prepared to make a single fashionable apology for its publication. At the present era of book-making, all prefatory introductions seem to be disre-

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garded as superfluous by the reading community, except to works of deep erudition, or on subjects which may require preliminary elucidations from the author. All others are merely glanced over like the "programme of an entertainment," or a "bill of the play," and obtain no further notice. Scarcely one reader out of ten has the least interest or curiosity to learn what motive induced the author to write the volume, which he has either bought or borrowed for his entertainment. He certainly has a right to expect it will contain some matter either to improve, inform, or amuse the mind. If disappointed, no apology, however gracefully made, will effect a change in his opinions; and the author may expect to receive the same compliment which a certain learned doctor (more famed for candor than politeness) once paid to his delinquent pupil, who made an elaborate apology for his errors, That he who was good at making "a handsome apology, was generally good for nothing else."

Thine respectfully,

K. A. W.

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POWER OF THE PASSIONS.

TIME was when MAN in GOD's own image stood,
Communing with the angels in that bower
Where first creation dawned upon his view ;
There radiant pinions hovered o'er his rest,
While seraph-voices joined his vesper hymn.

In its primeval glory, this fair world,
With all its noblest and its brightest things,
By high OMNIPOTENCE to MAN was given.
Creation owned her lord ; while all that moved,
On earth, in air, and sea, his reign confessed.
Before him bowed the forest monarch down,
With the young lamb, submissive to his power ;
Birds of soft plumage and melodious song
With notes harmonious hailed the rising day ;
While fragrant flowers, of bright and various hue,
Sprang in his path, o'er which luxuriant trees,
Blushing with golden fruits, their shadows spread.

Such was fair PARADISE ! When WOMAN smiled,
All EDEN brightened with a richer glow !
Led by the hand of DEITY, she came

To dwell in kind companionship with man,
 A sharer of his pleasures and his toils,
 Which nature's genial bosom richly paid :
 Love, joy, and harmony, and peace, were there —
 God saw his glorious work, and it was good.

Brief hour of human purity and truth !
 Malignant ENVY, in the bland disguise
 Of friendship, stole, yea, twined his serpent folds
 Around fair Wisdom's consecrated Tree.
 " Eat, woman, eat—ye shall *not* surely die !"
 Thus spake the tempter of mankind. *They ate* —
 A sudden darkness gathered o'er the sky.
 Wild raged the storm, earth's firm foundations shook,
 While ocean trembled from her deepest cells ;
 Blue, livid lightnings flashed with lurid glare,
 Wreathing in flames the blackened arch of heaven ;
 While the loud thunder's deep, continuous roar
 Proclaimed, in GOD's *own voice*, that MAN was *lost* !

The sinful pair shrunk from the wrath of Heaven,
 And gazed upon the desolated scene !

The lion's roar, the savage tiger's yell,
 The fierce hyena's wild, unearthly cry,
 Came, mingled with the wolf's discordant howl ;
 The huge leviathan, from the vast deep,
 Rebellious rose above his ocean bounds,
 Lashing, with fearful power, the trembling shore ;
 While, 'mid the awful pauses of the storm,
 Ill-omened birds, that shun the face of day,

Shrieked as they passed o'er EDEN's rifled bower,
 Leaving alone God's sacred messenger,
 The holy dove, a timid nestler there.

Apart, the dark ARCH-ENEMY of man
 Looked on with fiendish glee, and cursed our race!
 The chain that bound him in his dark abode
 Was riven, and forth he strode, triumphant
 O'er the globe, veiling his hideous form,
 And smile demoniac, 'neath that smooth disguise
 Which first brought sin, then ruin, on mankind.
 He spake. — Wild spirits filled the air, the earth,
 The sea. First, MURDER came, his right hand red
 With the pure blood of his young brother's heart,
 For which his own, in every clime and age,
 Hath deeply paid. "*Cursed art thou*"—said God!
 And set his mark upon the murderer's brow.

Next came REMORSE, with cold and rayless eye,
 His pale lip quivering, as the retrospect
 Of crimes unpardoned darkened memory's page.
 An exile from his God—spurned by his race—
 To nature's wildest solitudes he fled:
 Those sunless depths, by human foot untrod,
 Where coiled the hissing serpent in his path,
 And nameless things of horror met his view;
 Where poisonous weeds in tangled masses hung,
 O'er the green bosom of the stagnant pool,
 Rife with disease and death! Such was his home.
 Shrinking beneath the hemlock's baleful shade,
 In savage gloom he brooded o'er the past.

His step was followed by DESPAIR. The world
 Had scorned him. His impassioned soul
 Had deeply drank at learning's sacred fount,
 But fame's deceitful smile, dark envy's sneer,
 The loss of wealth, the treachery of friends,
 Joined with the pangs of unrequited love,
 Came o'er his heart, as sweeps the Syroc blast
 O'er fields of richest bloom, leaving behind
 The blackened wreck of nature's brightest things!
 To quell the anguish of his throbbing heart,
 He sought the shrine where wild intemperance drains
 The Circean cup of deep forgetfulness.
 Through his young veins the insidious poison stole;
 With frenzied eye, he wildly gazed around—
 To him life seemed a blank, a cheerless void.
 No friendly hand was near to stay his course—
 No kindred spirit whispered, "Live for me:"
 He grasped the blade of death—and sealed his doom!

Next came REVENGE. Beneath his lowering brow
 Flashed forth his kindling eye, with fearful glare,
 As bursts the lightning from the sable cloud;
 His hand hath grasped the victim of his wrath—
 High o'er his head the glittering steel is raised—
 The cry for mercy, and the fierce deny,
 Are mingled with life's last convulsive gasp.
 Revenge, exulting, gazes on the dead.

What form is that, which, like the meteor's flash,
 Sweeps o'er the plain? 'T is WAR—insatiate War!
 Wielding his massive spear with mighty grasp,

He goads his fiery steed o'er yon bold heights,
 That meet the brow of heaven! The trumpet's blast
 Hath drowned the widow's shriek, the orphan's wail:
 Oh! what, to him, are nature's holy ties?
 Ambition points to *victory* and *fame*!
 He treads o'er slaughtered millions to a throne,
 And grasps a sceptre red with human blood!
 While, basely cowering at the tyrant's feet,
 With smiles deceitful, and obsequious phrase,
 Haughty Rebellion and dark Treason bow,
 Veiling beneath Submission's humble guise
 The furious fires that wildly rage within.
 United only in the league of vice,
 They watch in secret when, and where, to speed
 The bolt commissioned with their sovereign's doom.
 While meaner parasites, those gaudy things,
 That flutter round the blaze of royalty—
 Vile, mercenary wretches, who, for gold,
 Would sell themselves, their country, and their God—
 Yea, swear allegiance to the powers below,
 To buy a life of luxury and ease,
 Submissive wait to aid the work of death!

Stealing beneath the shadowy veil of night,
 With noiseless step, pale JEALOUSY is seen;
 His breast, with wild, conflicting passions torn,
 Heaves with deep anguish, as the withering thought
 Comes o'er his heart, that she, his dearer self,
 The treasured idol of his soul, is false;
 Yea, false to him, whose life-blood is her own!
 Blinded with rage, he madly rushes forth—

His haughty foe hath proudly crossed his path—
 Their eyes have met. The fierce volcano's flame
 Ne'er flashed more wildly than his furious glance!
 No more. 'T is done—the double deed of death.
 The reeking steel, red from his rival's heart,
 Is quivering now within her heaving breast.

See—bursting forth from yonder murky den
 Of wild intemperance, a frantic throng,
 Whose foul carousals taint the breath of heaven;
 Like the dire forms that people Hecla's shades
 They flit along, their eyeballs glaring with
 Unholy fires. RIOT and FOLLY, THEFT
 And lawless LOVE, in fiendish revelry
 Discordant join, while haggard MISERY,
 And conscious GUILT, laden with nameless crimes,
 Recoiling at a shadow, shrink with fear
 Back to their loathsome haunts, trembling as though
 The hair-poised blade of justice met their view.

ANOTHER, too, in tinselled garb, is near,
 'Mid scenic splendour, like a thing of light—
 With limbs scarce veiled, and gestures wild and strange,
 She gaily bounds in the lascivious dance,
 Moving as if her element were air,
 And music was the echo of her step.
 Around her bold, unblushing brow are twined
 The deadly nightshade and the curling vine,
 Enwreathed with flowers luxuriant and fair,
 Yet poisonous as the UPAS in their breath.
 Her sparkling eye, keen as the basilisk's,

Who marks his prey, beams with a flashing light—
 False as the flame which hovers o'er the gulph
 Of dark oblivion—tempting to destroy.
 Mysterious power! men shudder while they gaze—
 Despise, yet own her fascinating spell.

As bursts the "deafening thunder of applause,"
 'Mid showers of votive wreaths, and *parfum vif*—
 Descending like bright Juno from her cloud,
 With glance erratic round th' enchanted ring—
 She smiles on all above, and all below,
 With regal condescension, and accepts
 The worthless homage offered at her shrine.

LAST in the train of human misery,
 Unconscious MADNESS rushed! The storm that beat
 On his unsheltered head and naked breast,
 Was calm to that which wildly raged within:
 All the dark passions that deform the soul
 By turns usurped departed Reason's throne.

His rolling eye, red as the meteor's flash,
 In fierce defiance wildly glanced around;
 While his herculean frame dilated rose,
 As if exulting in its giant strength!
 Uprooted trees were strewn across his path—
 The remnants of his sanguinary meal,
 Still warm with life, lay quivering at his feet;
 They caught his eye. Not Etna's wildest roar
 E'er came more deep than his demoniac laugh!
 As rolls the distant thunder on—it ceased.

Slowly the maniac sought the silent shade,
And calmly looked upon the setting sun.

“*Thou art my God!*” he said, with trembling voice,
And humbly bent that wretched one in prayer.
It was his last: exhausted nature sank—
Loosed was the silver chord—the golden bowl
Was broken at the fount—his bosom heaved
One deep convulsive throb, then—*all was o'er!*

OCEAN.

"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

UNBOUNDED, fathomless, mysterious deep !
With yon bright heaven coeval was thy birth,
E'er nature, bursting from chaotic sleep,
First cast her glorious vesture o'er the earth.

Type of that Power who said, "Let there be light!"
Thy heaving bosom caught the first soft ray
Which trembled on the verge of ancient night,
Reflecting from its source the new born day.

Onward thou rollest in thy majesty !
Earth's deepest caverns echo to thy roar.
Now in thy pride careering to the sky—
Now softly sleeping on the pearly shore.

I've gazed with awe, as o'er yon cloud-capped height,
Lashed by the storm, thy warring waves were driven ;
Or when, expanding in a flood of light,
Thy bosom bore the radiant brow of heaven !

Thou powerful monarch of a realm unknown,
Oh ! who that lives thy secret caves e'er trod,

Or saw the nameless glories of thy throne,
Unsummoned to the presence of his God ?

Science hath boldly scanned the map of heaven,
Where circling orbs their sacred vigils keep ;
But ne'er to her excursive foot was given
The power to tread the chambers of the deep !

Imagination's dream alone may tell
Of gem-lit grottoes and perennial bowers,
Where gliding forms of grace and beauty dwell,
With brows enwreathed with ever-blooming flowers ;

Who, when the stormy waves are raging high,
Come in their youthful loveliness and bloom,
With angel smiles and seraph harmony,
To lure the fated seaman to his doom.

We know the gems that bind the monarch's brow
Were filched from thy deep bosom—at the price
Of human life ! for to thy wealth we owe
Full many a dark, unholy sacrifice.

Proud element ! on thy expansive breast
Is borne the noblest work of human art—
The gallant SHIP, in bridal beauty drest,
Goes forth, with blessings from each feeling heart.

Her course, how like the path of human life !
Now calmly gliding 'neath a cloudless sky,
Now breasting with her strength thy powerful strife,
Nobly resolved to meet her destiny.

While, rapt in thoughts of home, as the dim shore
 Is fast receding from the voyager's view ;
 When all is silent, save the billow's roar,
 And dark, save yonder sky-lit arch of blue :

Who hath not deeply felt within his soul
 That God, in his omnipotence, was there,
 Bidding the tempest yield to his control,
 And humbly trusted to his guardian care ?

Thou reckless register of human woe !
 Myriads have sunk a sacrifice to thee ;
 In youth's rich bloom, in beauty's brightest glow,
 Man in his prime, and grave maturity.

Millions who sought with hope a milder clime,
 To lengthen out the fragile thread of life,
 How have they watched the ceaseless hand of time,
 Unmindful of thy elemental strife ;

Breathing a supplicating prayer to God,
 A few short days their fleeting lives to save,
 So they might rest beneath their native sod,
 Yet found within thy depths a nameless grave !

Friends I have loved repose upon thy breast,
 Yet not less sacred is their ocean tomb ;
 For memory, hovering o'er their place of rest,
 Hath twined a garland of unfading bloom.

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

"'T is hollow, false, and heartless all!"

Oh ! lead me from this gilded dome,
Away from fashion's meteor train,
And give me back my cottage home,
Its woodbine shade and flowery plain.

Oh ! take these roses from my hair,
They ill befit so pale a brow ;
And doom them not to wither there,
And perish like love's broken vow.

Unbind this gem-wrought girdle too,
Beneath, an aching heart is prest ;
Could ye its secret anguish view,
And how it longed to be at rest —

Ne'er would ye deem that gem or flower
Might e'er again be prized by me ;
The victim of ambition's power
Must wear the chain of slavery.

But yet I blame him not—the one
Who at the altar made me his ;

Alas, vain hope! I should have known,
Wealth could not purchase happiness!

How dared I, at God's holy shrine,
Profess a love I ne'er could feel!
Yea, e'en the sacred contract sign,
Yet know 't was falsehood stamp't the seal?

Oh, Wealth! thine is a gilded bait,
That often lures to misery;
The servile parasites who wait
Thy bidding win no smiles from me.

My home is with the great and gay,
My place is at the splendid board;
Yet courtly pomp and revelry
To this cold heart no charm afford.

In vain doth Fancy weave her spell;
I see her motley groups advance,
Yet heed not music's joyous swell,
Nor join I in the sportive dance.

Yet freely once my youthful heart
Responded to the notes of pleasure;
My footstep, too, unschooled by art,
Once bounded to her gayest measure.

Yea, often, in my midnight dream,
The rustic dance I seem to tread;
And list to love's impassioned theme,
From one now numbered with the dead!

And often, too, in moonlight hour,
 Some wandering minstrel's artless strain
 Doth breathe, as from my native bower,
 Notes linked with memory's brightest chain.

They give me back "my cottage home,"
 Its social board and cheerful hearth.
 How brief a joy! too soon doth come
 A shade o'er that fair spot of earth.

Slowly it fades, like the last beam
 That trembles o'er the twilight sea;
 How like the shadows of a dream
 Doth this vain world appear to me!

Yet, e'en in thought, oh! deem me not
 False to the *one* whose *name* I bear,
 Who sought me in my humble cot;
He hath my blessing and my prayer!

But oh! I long for that calm rest,
 Which all of earth may freely claim;
 Give me a place within her breast—
 Give me a grave without a name!

TO A FRIEND,

ON RECEIVING A BEAUTIFUL BUST OF APOLLO.

SAY, sculptured model of celestial grace,
If thou could'st feel, would not the sombre shade
Of deep regret steal o'er that heavenly face,
At being from thine own fair shrine conveyed,
Where taste and genius their bright offerings wreathed,
And beauty o'er her lyre impassioned breathed?

Yet since thou deignst to grace my humble home,
I'll treasure thee, a friendship's fond bequest;
Though thou hast left fair learning's loftier dome,
Thou wast not, even there, a dearer guest.
My Friend, oft as thy treasured gift I see,
I'll think of music, poetry, and *thee*!

For when warm twilight falls with mellow ray,
Softening the sweep of beauty's graceful line,
How often, in the blush of closing day,
I've thought his marble brow resembled thine;
Like thine his parted lips and clustering hair;
And fancied, as I wished, that thou wert there!

TO IMAGINATION.

THE HOUR I LOVE.

Know ye the hour I love ? 'T is not when Dawn
Draws from her vestal brow the veil of night,
And ushers in the rosy, blushing morn,
Throned in her car of oriental light !

'T is not the splendour of meridian day,
When flowers are bright, and music fills the grove ;
When all beneath the renovating ray
Seem animate with song, and joy, and love.

'T is not when Vesper breathes her evening hymn,
And listening spheres in holy concert join ;
When nature's blush through twilight's veil is dim,
Though not less lovely in her soft recline.

Oh no ! It is that hour, that *mystic* hour,
The *last* that circles round the brow of night :
IMAGINATION then, with wakening power,
Through fields of bloom, o'er seas of fluid light,
With wing excursive, soars through boundless space,
The glorious pageantry of heaven to trace ;

Mounts where cold reason never dared to fly,
And treads the confines of eternity !

Though hers the glory of celestial birth,
She loves to hover o'er the forms of earth ;
Smiles o'er the couch where infancy reposes,
Lights its young dream, and strews its path with roses :
Seeks the gay bower where youth and beauty rove,
And twines the first bright wreath for blushing love :

Visits the poet in his musing hour,
Like morning's beam upon the opening flower ;
When lo ! 'neath her creative wand appear,
Forms such as those which missioned angels wear !

Where trophied glory 'neath the marble sleeps,
And patriot gratitude recumbent weeps,
IMAGINATION hovers o'er his urn,
And bids again the votive incense burn ;
With tributary praise inscribes his name,
In lines of light, upon the scroll of fame !

Where learning's temple stands, unscathed by time,
Whose apex proudly points to truths sublime ;
From whence bold science, with excursive eye
Looks forth, to scan the wonders of the sky :—

When reason pauses, dubious of her way,
IMAGINATION, like the flood of day,
Bursts like electric flash upon the soul,
And pours her radiance o'er th' expansive scroll !

But yet, illusive as thou often art,
Long shalt thou have a dwelling in my heart :
Whate'er my fate, still may'st thou smile on me,
For I have loved thee from mine infancy ;
Apart from all the world, I'd heave no sigh,
If thou, to bless the hour I love, wert nigh !

DIAMOND ISLAND.

[This delightful little island, situated in Lake George, (America), is well known to the Western Tourist, for its picturesque beauty, and the brilliant crystals found on its shores.]

BRIGHT Isle of Gems! shined in yon azure lake,
Like a fair star in heaven's cerulean sea,
Where vernal nature's glowing charms awake,
And all is light, and bloom, and harmony.

Enchanting Isle! oh that it were my lot
To live embosomed in thy peaceful glade,
Beneath the shelter of yon lowly cot,
Where curling woodbines weave their fragrant shade

How sweet to stray along thy flowery shore,
Where crystals sparkle in the sunny ray;
While the red boatman plies his silvery oar
To the wild measure of some rustic lay.

To watch the shadows as they softly steal
O'er the blue light of George's lucid wave;

Where erst devotion's pilgrim came to kneel,
And in that sacred tide his brow to lave.*

To list, as Echo, from her secret cell,
Bounds o'er the cliff to meet the cannon's roar ;
Or softly, to the fisher's vocal shell,
Responsive sighs along the twilight shore.

Bright Isle of Gems ! thou'rt Nature's favorite bower,
Where she reclines to breathe her glowing soul,
In the soft silence of that tranquil hour
When all around confess her bland control.

Oh ye, who rise in fashion's splendid sphere,
Who revel in gay pleasure's rainbow smile,
I would not give for all ye hold most dear,
One little gem that lights my DIAMOND ISLE.

* The monks from Montreal used formerly to visit Lake George, to obtain its water for sacred purposes, on account of its purity.

THE FRATRICIDE.

[The following lines were produced by the relation of a melancholy story. A young man, of high birth and talents, had long addressed and obtained the love of a beautiful girl; but his friends, perceiving indications of declining health, advised him to visit a more congenial climate for its restoration; and that their marriage should be postponed till his return; to which he became reconciled, by consigning his heart's best treasure to the protection of a beloved and only brother; who, faithless to his trust, basely invented, by the pretended reception of letters, a plausible tale of his death, by which, and other artifices, he obtained the promise of the lady's hand, at the close of the year subsequent to her loss. On the bridal morning, as the husband was leading her from the altar, the Lover suddenly burst into the church! and in a paroxysm of rage and despair, stabbed him to the heart! Horror and consternation for the moment prevented the arrest of the rash fratricide, and he fled. The lady retired to a convent; and many years after these events, he was at length found—the wretched, scarce-clothed inhabitant of a solitary cave, in a state of savage fierceness and mental derangement, but preserving, in his madness, a perfect consciousness of its cause. Those who discovered him, vainly attempted to draw him from his cell, with assurances that they “knew him,” and would take him home, and relieve his wants: this he strongly resisted, with gestures of rage and contempt. After being by force compelled to do so, a few weeks of suffering terminated his existence.]

“MY HOME!”—*where is my “home?”*

AWAY—ye *know me not!*—ye could not know
The deed, 't was dark—none but the fiends below
Bore witness of that scene—and ye have lied.
Didst' e'er behold me in my hour of pride?

Didst' ever know me when the brightest flower
 That ever bloomed to deck a bridal bower
 Was mine ?—yea, *mine* ! Thou jeering elf,
 Nay, glare not thus on me—I am—*myself* !
Who slew my *brother* ?—hark ! heard ye that groan ;
 Hence—leave me, men, for I would be alone.
 I feel I am a wretch—the veriest one
 That ever shrank before yon glorious sun !
 Year after year, in this dark, cold recess,
 Meet home for wild despair and wretchedness,
 I've prayed—oh no, I could not *pray*—for Death !
 But I have sought him in the whirlwind's breath,
 I've bared my bosom to the midnight storm,
 Whose blasts were, to its maddening pulses, calm :
 I've seen yon mountain cliff by lightning riven,
 Nor shrank I from the wrathful bolt of Heaven !
 Yet DEATH flies from me, though this weary frame
 Is tired of life ; its pale and wasted flame
 Burns dim and sickly—yet I *fear to die*—
 With all this weight of guilt and misery !

* * * * *

What do ye here ?—" *you know me not*,"—begone !
 HE whom ye seek—died on the ALTAR-STONE !

GREECE.

WHERE Art's wide realm in low prostration sleeps,
And Science o'er departed glory weeps ;
Where Time is ranging, with remorseless tread,
Amid the temples of the mighty dead ;
Where wreathing ivy shrouds in dark array,
The desolating progress of decay —
There GRECIA'S Genius, clad in robes of woe,
With brow of gloom, and footsteps sad and slow,
Views the vast wreck of power with tearful eye,
And sorrows o'er the tomb of poesy.
Where Fame's proud relics strew her classic ground,
In solemn majesty she glides around,
Pausing, with rapt devotion, to survey
The fallen splendors of her early day.
Those ample courts, where erst, with wisdom fraught,
Her statesmen listened, and her sages taught ;
That lofty dome, which rang with loud applause,
Where Solon first proclaimed Athenia's laws ;
The temple raised to Theseus' mighty name,
The storied arch of Hadrian's deathless fame,
Raises her eye to where, with ray divine,
Apollo beamed upon the Delphic shrine ;

As thronged around the brave, the wise, and great,
 To list the high resolve of mystic fate.
 With regal pride she seeks Dodona's grove, ·
 First consecrated to imperial Jove.
 Surveys, with kindling eye, that pile sublime,
 The proudest wreck that braves the blast of time !
 Views the broad Stadium where the Gymnic art
 Nerved the young arm, and energized the heart,
 And to her field a race of warriors gave,
 Sublime in conquest, generous, and brave.

Musing awhile beside the Drama's throne,
 Now vocal with the sighing winds alone—
 She seeks that grot, where still her olives twine
 In wild luxuriance round that sacred shrine,
 Where rested Dian in the noon-day hour,
 Among her blooming train—the fairest flower ;
 Who, 'neath the fragrant myrtles, came to lave
 Their vestal bosoms in Ionia's wave.

All dark and tuneless now are those fair shades,
 Which once enshrined the Heliconian maids,
 Whose proudest theme was Grecia's deathless fame !
 Their echoes now no longer breathe her name ;
 Since barbarous hands have raised her funeral pyre,
 Hushed are the breathings of their seraph lyre ;
 Save when the light of Heaven around it plays,
 And wakes the sacred chant of other days—
 Oh then, 'mid sculptured shrines, and storied urns,
 Once more the flame of Inspiration burns !

Here, votive Genius loves to muse around,
 And tune his harp on consecrated ground ;
 To learn, from ancient scroll and tablet gray,
 The glory of Athenia's early day,
 And in the pensive hour of twilight gloom,
 To write the story of some ruined tomb ;
 Thus from oblivion snatching many a gem,
 To mingle in his own fair diadem.

Immortal Byron ! thou whose soul had planned
 The rescue of that subjugated land,
 Oh ! hadst thou lived to rear thy giant glaive,
 Soon had we seen the Cross in triumph wave,
 Marked the pale Crescent wane 'mid seas of blood,
 And Grecia towering o'er the recreant flood.

But oh ! 't was Fate's decree thou shouldst expire,
 Swan-like, amid the breathings of thy lyre—
 E'en in the sacred light of thine own song !
 As sinks the glorious Sun, amid the throng
 Of bright-robed clouds, the pageantry of Heaven,
 So thy retiring beam to earth was given.

Where Scio's Isle blushes with Christian gore,
 And hostile fiends still yell around her shore,
 Where Missolonghi's desert plain extends—
 'Mid war's red bolts, Athenia's Queen descends.

See ! where she comes, in all the pomp of woe,
 Darkly around her sable vestments flow,

With heaving bosom, to the tempest bare ;
Wild on the breeze floats her unwreathed hair,
Though glory's brightest diadem is there.

Where darkest clouds the face of heaven deform,
With stedfast brow she meets the gathering storm ;
While from Olympus, with imploring eye,
She claims the ægis of her native sky.
Hark ! round its base responsive thunders roll,
And Jove's own lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
His voice is there ; He bids the Christian save
Minerva's first-born from a barbarous grave.

THE BLASTED TREE.

"Spring shall return, with her showers; but of me no leaf shall arise."

THOU standst *alone*—e'en on thy native soil—
Though bright ones bloom around thee—thou 'rt *alone*.
Unfelt by thee, came Spring's ethereal smile,
Unfelt by thee came Autumn's chilling moan.

Like some dark ruin, o'er whose ivied brow
Hath swept time's wild and desolating storm :
Frowning in gloomy pride on all below,
Thou rearest thy scathed and isolated form.

Oh ! melancholy wreck—despoiled and drear,
The bolt of Heaven hath sear'd thy vernal bloom ;
Yet thou 'mongst living things dost linger here—
A record of thy birth-place, and thy tomb !

Yet thou wert once the forest's gayest pride,
When thy young blossoms to the breeze were given ;
With all thy verdant branches spreading wide,
Nurtured and cherished by the dews of Heaven.

The wild bird warbled sweet from spray to spray,
As the soft west wind tossed each leafy bough ;
Beneath thy shadows smiled the young and gay,
In sportive revelry !—What art thou now ?

Thus, I in life have marked a noble form,
Glowing with health, with happiness elate ;
Whose very being seemed a woven charm
Of all the blessings which on life await ;—

Till, in unguarded hour, a withering blast
Swept over mental power, o'er manhood's bloom ;
And when the desolating storm was past,
That form, like thine, was hovering near his tomb !

And still he lingers on this orb of clay,
With weary spirit, panting to be free ;
Although surrounded by the great and gay,
He stands *alone*, like *thee*, thou blasted tree.

LOSS OF THE FIRST-BORN.

"A grief that passeth show."

I SAW a pale young mother, bending o'er
Her first-born hope. Its soft blue eyes were closed—
Not in the balmy dream of downy rest;
In Death's embrace, the shrouded babe reposed,
It slept the dreamless sleep that wakes no more!
A low sigh struggled in her heaving breast,
But yet she wept not—her's was the deep grief
The heart in its dark desolation feels;
Which breathes not in impassioned accents wild,
But slowly the warm pulse of life congeals:
A grief, which from the world seeks no relief—
A mother's sorrow o'er her first-born child!

She gazed upon it with a stedfast eye,
Which seemed to say—Oh! would I were with thee.
As if her every earthly hope were fled
With that departed cherub. Even he—
Her young heart's choice, who breathed a father's sigh
Of bitter anguish, o'er the unconscious dead—
Felt not, while weeping by its funeral bier,
One pang so deep as her's, who shed *no tear*!

THE PARTING.

SHE loved him, e'en in childhood, with that pure
Devotion, which the bosom feels, secure
In youthful innocence ; when first the heart
Elects its idol, sacred, and apart
From other beings. Oh ! there is a truth—
A beam that wakes not when the glow of youth
Is past ;—'t is like the ray which morning throws
Upon the bosom of the blushing rose.

She was a creature—such as painters love
To draw. Like her, who to imperial Jove
The nectared goblet bore. Just such an eye,
And such a cheek, were her's ; its radiant dye
Seemed borrowed from the morning !—her bright hair,
Like braided gold, wreathed round a brow as fair
As Parian marble. All those curving lines
Which mark perfection, and which taste defines
As beautiful, gave to her youthful form
A loveliness—a grace, so thrilling warm,
That every motion seemed to speak a soul,
Whose inborn radiance illumed the whole.

He, too, was in life's joyous spring ; the glow
 Of sunny health was on his cheek ; his brow
 Was bold and fearless, and his eagle eye
 Already burned for scenes of victory !
 For war had plumed his crest, and nerved his arm,
 And there was breathing round him all the charm
 Of high devotion to his country's weal ;
 While the bright panoply of gold and steel,
 That mailed his breast, and flashed above his brow,
 Spake proudly of the youthful soldier's vow.

He dreamt not that he loved—for he in truth
 Had known the child, e'en from her earliest youth,
 And often looked on little Elouise
 As a sweet being whom he wished to please ;
 To gather roses for, and braid her hair,
 And guard her with a brother's tender care ;
 But never thought of love—for haply he
 Had fixed his hopes on higher destiny.

With pride he heard his summons to the field,
 Yet had his heart its secret thoughts revealed,
 Some shades of sadness might have lingered there,
 On leaving home, and friends, and scenes so fair.

* * * * *

He came to bid *adieu* !—"T was a mild night,
 Of softest moonshine, and its dewy light
 Fell on the shrubs and flowers that bloomed around ;
 And there was music in the soothing sound

Of the bright rill that murmured through the glade,
 And sparkled 'neath the willow's pensile shade.
 The summer breeze was sighing through its boughs,
 In whispers soft as youthful lovers' vows ;
 She was reclining in the latticed bower,
 Musing, as 't were, upon the stilly hour.
 " Dear Elouise ! " he said — (The sudden flush
 Of new-born feeling, called a crimson blush
 On her young cheek, that made the life-blood start
 In thrilling eddies round his conscious heart !)
 " Dear Elouise ! I come to bid adieu
 To these fair scenes, to happiness, and you ! "
 He paused. " Hast thou no blessing for thy friend,
 Who, far from thee and all he loves, must wend
 His pilgrimage through wilderness and toil,
 Uncheered by friendship's voice or beauty's smile ? "
 He laid his hand upon her seraph head,
 Pressed a warm kiss upon her brow, and said :
 " May heaven preserve thee pure as angels are !
 The world is wicked — lovely one, beware !
 Thou art an *orphan* : would that title might
 Secure thine innocence from the fell blight
 Of those who hover in fair virtue's way,
 To tempt the steps of guileless youth astray.
 Oh, could *I* guard thee ! But my path of life
 Lies through the ranks of war — 'mid battle's strife :
 There duty calls me. Should I ne'er return,
 Say, wouldst thou sorrow o'er thy soldier's urn ?
 Or, if some future day I dare to claim
 The hard-earned honors of a hero's name,

Oh ! may I, dearest Elouisa, prove
 Thy youthful friendship ripened into love ? ”

Vainly the timid maiden strove to speak
 The feelings that were rushing o’er her cheek ;
 But, raising to his own her tearful eye,
 Her heart responded to her lover’s sigh.
 Pure as the vestal’s hymn, that breathes to heaven,
 That night their mutual vows of faith were given !

Years have rolled on, but yet no warrior came,
 With laurelled brow, his lovely bride to claim.
 Years have rolled on, since wintry frosts have shed
 Their sparkling crystals o’er his lowly bed.
 Where proud St. Lawrence wreathes his crested wave,
 That youthful soldier found an early grave ;
 Which, if unhallowed by affection’s tear,
 A hero’s honors graced his funeral bier !

Years have rolled on, since nature’s loveliest child,
 Within her garden bower, in beauty smiled ;
 Since life’s perspective dawned upon her view,
 Rich with those scenes her youthful fancy drew !

Years have rolled on, since “ *blighted hopes* ” have past
 O’er that fair being, like a withering blast ;
 Nipping the buds of joy with chilling breath,
 And casting o’er each scene the pall of death :
 Yea, since consumption touched her cheek of bloom,
 Dimmed her bright eye, and bore her to the tomb !

Years shall roll on, and, though unknown to fame,
The slab that bears sweet Elouisa's name
Shall prove a shrine, by fond remembrance given,
Sacred to friendship's tears, and those of heaven :
While sister seraphs oft shall linger there,
And hymn her requiem in the balmy air !

THE CHRISTENING.

TO THE HON. MRS. J. C.

YOUNG Mother—time hath flown, on silken wing,
Since thou didst stand, the fairest in the ring
Of bright-eyed maidens, as a blooming bride,
With him—"the loved and chosen," at thy side.

May the same Power that blest thy nuptial vow,
Now smile propitious on thine infant's brow!

Young Mother! thou hast brought a richer gem
Than e'er hath graced an earthly diadem,
As thy first offering at the throne of heaven—
Affection's purest pledge, to virtue given;
A being to thy sacred charge consigned,
To cherish and to form its opening mind—
A spirit of immortal birth, enshrined
Within a form of cherub loveliness:
A creature beautiful—"a thing to bless!"

Be thine the task, as future years increase,
To point the paths of pleasantness and peace;
And, while she treads the flowery walks of youth,
Teach her that wisdom's ways are ways of truth.
A blessing may she prove, while life shall last,
A treasured, dear memorial of the past.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

TO MRS. S——T.

Who presented the writer with a fine Painting, representing the mother of
Moses depositing him in the ark of bulrushes.

BRIGHT glowed the sun on Nile's resplendent tide,
Reflecting the rich landscape far and wide ;
The verdant hills, with lofty cedars crowned,
Those heights sublime, where, in stern glory, frowned
Egypt's proud battlements, stretched forth on high,
Like a dark cloud athwart the summer sky !
But softer shadows claimed a birth-place there ;
The pensile willow, and the lotus fair,
And flowers of richest bloom, their perfume gave,
To wreathe the margin of the azure wave.

'T was to this calm and beautiful retreat,
With wildly throbbing heart and trembling feet,
The Hebrew Mother came. To her sad breast,
Her youngest hope, a lovely boy, she prest, —
He whom a tyrant's voice had doomed to die !
With anguish-riven soul, and tearful eye,
She looked on his bright cheek and cherub smile,
Then gently hushed him to repose ; and while

Within his fragile barque she laid him, gazed
Her last upon the sleeping babe ! then raised
To the Almighty One a fervent prayer,
Confiding her soul's treasure to his care :
Then, as with firmer step she homeward trod,
With faith renewed, she left him to his God !

STANZAS,

On hearing Burns' simple but beautiful song, *BONNY DOON*.

ONCE more, dear lady, sing that song for me,
For oh ! it wakes the thoughts of happier years ;
While, as I listen to thy harmony,
How like a dream the lapse of time appears !

Again I meet, in memory's fond review,
The loved companions of my youthful hours ;
When life, with all its pageantry, was new,
And hope was smiling from her sunny bowers.

Oh ! 't is a sweet reprieve from earthly care,
To hear a voice like thine so sweetly breathe
Of " joys departed "—of those scenes so fair,
Which innocence and pleasure used to wreath.

Lady, I own the power of Music's spell ;
There 's not a chord that vibrates through my soul,
But deeply can of her enchantments tell,
And all the witchery of her control.

TWILIGHT.

THERE is a charm in the close of day,
When its glorious hues are fading away ;
When the soft clouds roll o'er the ocean's breast,
Bright with the blush of the glowing west ;
When the zephyr plays through the twilight bower,
Sweet with the breath of each closing flower.

There is a charm in the soothing sound,
Of the woodland breeze as it murmurs round,
Among the leaves of the shadowy grove.
Soft as the whisper of early love,
When the bird of night, from the ruined tower,
Doth breathe her chant to the vesper hour.

I love to look on the moon, as through
Her star-lit hall of celestial blue
She moves above in her spheral pride,
With the vestal grace of a youthful bride ;
Drawing the veil from her pearly brow,
To light with her smile the world below !

Yea, there 's a charm in the twilight hour,
A mild, a tranquillizing power,
Which whispers peace to the troubled breast,
Or soothes wild passion's waves to rest,
Soft as the breeze, when the storm is o'er,
And the billows rest on the sea-beat shore.

MUSINGS IN ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY.

"Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

'T is twilight. And the glowing hues of day
Are softly mingling with the sombre grey
Of coming night; meet hour for such a scene;
For this is DEATH's domain. This vale, so green
And beautiful, so luxuriantly fair!
There breathes a fragrance through the dewy air,
As if, from consecrated censer shed,
Mingled with blessings o'er the unconscious dead!

Here, the young wild bird, as he seeks his nest,
Hallows with his last song their sacred rest;
While all around is bright with vernal bloom,
Oh—what a contrast with the mouldering tomb!

HOME OF THE DEAD! the last abiding place
Of earthly greatness—intellectual grace—
Of youthful loveliness, and moral worth;
Yea, human frailty, too; the same cold earth
Doth form your narrow bed; and the same sod
Shall cover ye, till summoned to your God!

Here, let proud manhood, and aspiring youth,
 And maiden beauty, learn this humbling truth —
 From lowly grave, or monumental urn;
 “Dust art thou—and to dust thou shalt return!”

A stranger treads these paths. No cherished one
 Hath here a resting-place. The graven stone—
 The storied sepulchre—the mound of fame—
 Give to her view no dear, familiar name;
 Yet oft doth sympathetic feeling here
 To worth departed pay the tribute tear.

Where yonder undulating willows wave,
 Rests youthful beauty in her early grave;
 Upon the evening breeze they seem to sigh,
 Like Nature, mourning o’er mortality.

These simple flowers, that wreathe this little tomb,
 Tell the brief history of infant bloom;
 Now, in their fragrant loveliness — how bright;
 So soon to pass for ever from our sight!

Here is a sacred spot, retired from view,
 Beneath the shadow of the funeral yew;
 And here the sorrowing widow comes to weep,
 As if her whispered prayer might break the sleep
 Of him who rests below. While round her play
 Her babes, unconscious of their loss; they stray
 Around their father’s grave, and wonder why
 Their mother weeps, and heaves the deep-drawn sigh.

Young, blooming creatures, hither are ye brought,
And your first lesson of affliction taught.

* Fair Temple of the Dead ! thou hast become,
Through Art's bold hand, the consecrated home
Of one, whose noble deeds and virtues claim
A rank distinguished on the scroll of fame.
Look — where he stands, in the calm dignity
Of mental greatness, with his thoughtful eye
Dwelling, as 't were, upon the shadowy past—
Comparing life's brief splendours, with the vast
And unimagined glories of that throne,
Where rests his spirit, with the ETERNAL ONE !

SCULPTURE ! oh what a triumph o'er the grave
Hath thy proud Art !—thy powerful hand can save
From the destroyer's grasp the noble form,
As if the spirit dwelt, still thrilling warm,
In every line and feature of the face ;
The air majestic, and the simple grace
Of flowing robes, which shade, but not conceal,
All that the classic chisel would reveal.
In thy supremacy thou standst sublime,
Bidding defiance to the scythe of time !

* The temple which contains the statue of the Right Hon. William Huskisson,
by Chantrey.

VISIT TO THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

I've seen the wreck of loveliest things. I've wept
O'er youthful beauty in her snowy shroud ;
All cold and pale, as when the moon hath slept
In the white foldings of a wintry cloud.

I've seen the wreck of proudest things. I've mourned
O'er fallen manhood, in life's richest bloom ;
In whose pure soul th' immortal spirit burned
Most brightly. What a victim for the tomb !

I've seen the wreck of glorious things. I've sighed
O'er sculptured Temples in prostration laid ;
Towers, which the blast of ages had defied,
Now, mouldering beneath the ivy's shade.

Yet, oh ! there is a scene of deeper woe,
To which the soul can never be resigned ;
'Tis Frenzy's triumph—Reason's overthrow—
The ruined structure of the HUMAN MIND !

Oh ! 't is a sight of paralyzing dread,
To mark the rolling of the maniac's eye,
From which the spark of intellect hath fled ;
The laugh convulsive, and the deep-drawn sigh.

To see Ambition, with his moonlight helm,
 Armed with the fancied panoply of war ;
 The mimic sovereign of a powerful realm,
 His shield, a *shadow*, and his spear, a *straw* !

To see pale Beauty raise her dewy eyes,
 Toss her white arms, and beckon things of air ;
 As if she held communion with the skies,
 And all she loved, and all she sought, were there.

To list the warring of unearthly sounds,
 Which wildly rise, like Ocean's distant swell ;
 Or spirits shrieking o'er enchanted grounds,
 Forth-rushing from dark Magic's secret cell.

Oh ! never, never, may such fate be mine —
 I'd rather dwell in earth's remotest cave,
 So I my spirit calmly might resign
 To Him, who Reason's glorious blessing gave.

STANZAS,

On viewing the Portrait of Mrs. STEVENSON, Lady of the American Minister, in
the Royal Academy, painted by J. RAND, Esq.

THOUGH far have I roamed from the land of my birth,
O'er mountains sublime, and the blue rolling sea,
I ne'er have forgotten that gem of the earth,
"The land of the BRAVE, and the home of the FREE!"

'Mid the splendours of Art, and the ruins of Time,
I've wandered with feelings of awe and delight;
Yet ne'er the less dear was my own native clime,
Where glory, and wisdom, and genius unite.

These fair Halls of Science enraptured I tread,
Where Fame's proudest scroll to the world is unrolled;
Where Art hath embalmed the illustrious dead,
And the past with the present communion doth hold.

Bright Genius of Painting! whose pencil hath caught
The hues of the rainbow, the light of the sky;
How purely, how truly, thy spirit hath wrought,
In the blush of that cheek, and the beam of that eye!

Dear Lady, I greet thee, for well might I know,
By the eloquent glow of thy soul-speaking face,
That from the blest "Land of the Pilgrims" wert thou,
And warmly thy heart doth acknowledge thy race.

When far from the home of our childhood, how sweet,
Wherever the course of our pathway may tend,
So kind, so congenial a spirit to meet,
And feel you are clasping the hand of a friend.

JULY 4TH, 1840.

CREATION.

FORTH went the mandate of the ETERNAL ONE !
And lo, the Heavens with new-born glory shone !
The Sun unveiled before his Maker stood,
While o'er the abyss of chaos a broad flood
Of light burst forth, tinting with orient hue
The clouds, which like a vanquished host withdrew,
Dispersing wide o'er the ethereal blue.

HE SPAKE !—the Planets rolled through Heaven's vast
space ;
HE moved in glory o'er the expansive face
Of mighty Ocean, and her secret caves
Heaved with new life ! High o'er her white, wreathed
waves,
Which sent forth countless myriads, circling wide,
The vast Leviathan cleaved the strong tide,
Careering, like a monarch, in his pride !

The embryo buds, warmed by the living ray,
Disclosed their blushing bosoms to the day ;
Robes of rich verdure clothed the recent earth,
And fragrance, bloom, and beauty sprang to birth ;

Life's cheerful sounds went forth o'er the broad sea,
Proclaiming Infant Nature's jubilee!
And every grove breathed joy and harmony.

God looked abroad on his stupendous plan,
Pronounced it *good*, and said, "Let us make man
In our own image." And there sprang a pair,
No flowers in Eden were more pure and fair;
Until, alas! the fell destroyer came:
He viewed with envy their celestial claim,
And pointed at their souls his deadly aim.

While, of communion with his God beguiled,
Man listened, and the Arch Deceiver smiled!
Destruction followed sin, and dark despair
With sorrow trod the thorny paths of care.
Disease entwined her poisons with each wreath,
Mixed with the fragrant breeze her venom'd breath,
And stamped Creation with the seal of death!

THE CHANGE.

I SAW him once, in the bloom of youth,
When his brow was fair as the page of truth ;
And o'er it was curling his light brown hair :
No passion had marked its progress there.
When the spirit that burned in his deep blue eye
Gave to his cheek that glowing dye,
Which comes amid spring's ethereal showers,
To brighten a world of shade and flowers,
The lines of his features were free and bold ;
'T was a face that memory long might hold :
His form was of that classic grace,
Which might accord with such a face.

I saw him again—his brow was fair—
But it was marked with deep despair ;
His smile was gone, yet the spirit was high
Which flashed from his wild, averted eye.
His cheek was pale, but his lip was curled
With a proud contempt for a heartless world,

Where, with the hopes of sanguine youth,
His heart all confidence and truth,
He came, he loved, and he believed,
He trusted ;—in *all*, he was *deceived*.
The friends who knew him in joy and health,
Who drank of his cup, and shared his wealth,
All these, with fortune's smile have flown,
And left him wretched and *alone* !

Now, with feelings wrecked, and frame o'erworn,
On life's rough sea he is rudely borne,
To brave the blast, or buffet the wave,
Till he sinks unwept to an early grave.

LOSS OF THE STEAM-SHIP "PRESIDENT."

HUSHED are the warring spirits of the blast—
 Freighted with Death—the whirlwinds rage no more :
The hour of human suffering, too, is past,
 The frenzied pang of parting life is o'er !
 Calmly the undulating billows flow,
 O'er the deep grave of those who sleep below.

Oh—scene of horror, darkness, and despair !
 As o'er them roared the wild, o'erwhelming wave—
No beam of hope, no cheering voice, was there—
 No arm to rescue, and no barque to save ;
 Yet, to each prayer of faith sincere was given,
 A ray divine, to light their souls to Heaven !

Dread King of Terrors, stern, insatiate Death !
 Remorseless reveller in human woe ;
The limb convulsive—the last quivering breath,
 And closing eye, thy earthly triumphs show.
 Yet after thine, a small, still voice doth come,
 Which calls the weary traveller to his home.

Oh! lost—"departed, never to return!"

What power shall trace ye in your ocean grave?

Entombed in dark oblivion's viewless urn,

Calm be your rest beneath the heaving wave—

Till ALL of earth before the throne shall stand,

Of HIM, who holds creation in his hand.

THE GONDOLIER.

A SONG FROM THE ITALIAN.

LIST to the Song of the Gondolier,
Estella—*mia*, thy lover is near!
 My barque is light,
 And the moon is bright,
Then what hast thou, sweet maid, to fear?
 Oh! come with me.

The titled and proud before thee bow,
But thy heart is true to thy lover's vow;
 Then haste with me,
 To the land of the free:
Thine own Alphonso calls thee now,
 Oh! come with me.

The clock hath sounded the midnight hour,
The watchman is dozing within his tower—

Haste thee away,
Ere morning's ray
Blushes in fair Estella's bower,
Oh ! come with me.

List to the song of the Gondolier,
Estella, *mia*, thy lover is here ;
Oh cast aside
Those jewels of pride—
The gem of thy heart alone is dear ;
Oh ! come with me.

Dearest, my arm is strong at the oar,
And the breeze is fresh for a far-off shore ;
My breast shall be
A shield for thee,
When free from the grasp of the tyrant's power.
Oh ! come with me.

THOUGHTS ON ATHEISM.

* * * "If there 's a Power above —

"And that there is, all NATURE cries aloud, through all her works."

CAN reasoning Man, who boasts a glorious race,
But little lower than the sons of light—
Who erst, in Eden's garden, face to face,
Communed with DEITY, beneath the bright,
Unclouded Heaven—whose path was in HIS sight,
While guardian angels watched his evening bower ;
HE, unto whom was given th' unquestioned right
And rule of this fair globe ; and from that hour
Hath held, and still doth hold, on earth, a monarch's
power ; —

Can he behold those countless orbs that roll
Through yon blue space—survey the outstretched sea,
That knows its bounds, and ask—Have *I* a soul ?
Am *I* an heir of immortality ?

Or, shall I, when from this frail being free,
 Like the brief things that flutter, or that creep
 Beneath the sun-beam, pass away, to be
 No more, and unremembered sink in the cold, deep
 Grave of dark oblivion—Death's eternal sleep?

Might not the man who questions thus, exclaim—
 There is *no* GOD!—The elements were hurled
 By chance to form and order: yon bright flame
 Which lights the skies, and this all-perfect world,
 Were but the effect of chance! Nay, even MAN,
 In all his godlike beauty, mind, and power,
 Formed to explore the universe, and scan
 The heavens, had no CREATOR! Like the flower
 Which perisheth, so doth he “wither in an hour!”

Sad fate for those who through a life of toil,
 With sickness, sorrow, and despair have striven,
 When they “have shuffled off this mortal coil,”
 To find *no* treasured joys laid up in heaven;
 Their hopes—the vain illusions of a dream.
 Sad fate for those who teach the way of light,
 To find their dearest prospects, like the beam
 Of evening, melt away, and all those bright
 And fondly cherished hopes, sink in ETERNAL NIGHT.

THE FANCY BALL.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * It seemed a fairy land,
A labyrinth of light and bloom !
Above, below, around ;
As if awakened by ærial hand—
Wild music breathed
From bowers of soft perfume ;
While at the joy-inspiring sound,
Fair forms, with rosy garlands wreathed,
Bright as the Hourii of Mahomet's bowers,
Were gliding through the arbours green,
Smiling amid light and flowers,
Like Genii of enchanted scene !

Hark, as bursts the joyous band,
See youth and beauty, hand in hand,
Tripping light to frolic's measure,
Through the gay domain of pleasure ;
Like Psyche and her blooming boy,
With step of grace, and smiles of joy.

Responsive to the rapturous sound,
 Echo's notes are softly breathing,
 While viewless hands seem gliding round,
 The air with perfumed censer's wreathing.

To consecrate the festive hour,
 Pleasure doth fill her sparkling bowl,
 To pledge gay Fancy's reign,
 While Luxury displays her store,
 To banquet Fashion's train.

In yonder fair recess of art,
 Love pours forth his ardent soul,
 To win the maiden's heart;
 While all confess the bland control
 Of th' enchantress, Art.

E'en Wisdom, too, doth not disdain
 To mingle with the passing throng,
 Or join the happy train :
 The sage renews his youth again,
 The aged feel they once were young.

THE MIDNIGHT WEDDING.

A LEGEND FROM THE OLDEN WORLD.

DARK gloomed the shades around the traveller's path,
The blackening clouds foretold the tempest's wrath,
Athwart the wide expanse of rayless night,
In quivering flames, forth flashed the sulphurous light;
The thunder rolled—loud roared the hollow blast,
As the wild wings of desolation passed.

The stranger cast a look of deep dismay
Upon his bleak and solitary way,
When lo, 'mid the dense gloom, a light appeared;
With renovated hope his heart was cheered.
Wrapping his cloak about his shivering form,
Frail barrier 'gainst the wildly driving storm,
He bent his steps whence beamed a feeble light,
That seemed to promise shelter for the night.

* * It was a temple of decay.
Along its desert aisles and arches grey,
Roared the loud echo of the furious storm
That raged without; while many a ghostly form,
By superstition borrowed from the tomb,
Seemed fitting 'mid the dark, sepulchral gloom.

The traveller gazed around with thrilling awe,
 As forth from an obscure recess he saw
 A muffled figure glide with cautious tread ;
 A blazing torch flashed high above his head ;
 As he approached, its crimson glare was flung
 Upon the time-worn drapery, that hung
 In gorgeous ruins round the sacred fane ;
All spake of desolation's ruthless reign.

With low prostration, cross, and priestly sign,
 He lit the lamp above the holy shrine ;
 Retreating then, with deep, attentive ear,
 He seemed to list some sound approaching near,
 When slowly forth from the arched portal's shade,
 A mail-clad warrior led a youthful maid.
 His gallant mien, firm step, and martial air
 Formed a bold contrast with the timid fair,
 Who hovered at his side with downcast eye,
 And form—light as the dream of Poesy.
Another, too, was there, whose noiseless tread,
 Was like the shadowy gliding of the dead.
 Apart he stood, wrapt in a dark disguise,
 And viewed the pair, with stern, unbending eyes.
 Now, low before the sacred shrine they kneel ;
 The prayer is said. The nuptial rite to seal,
 Nought but the maid's response is wanting now.
 Her lip hath scarce pronounced the sacred vow,
 When, hark ! a shriek bursts through the midnight gloom,
 Wild as the echo from the place of doom.
She's MINE !" the vaulted roof resounds—" *She's MINE !*"
 The young bride faints upon the marble shrine !

Fast wanes the altar's solitary light,
At last it sinks, and all is wrapt in night!
The warrior draws his steel, and rushes forth—
He gazes round, but nought impedes his path;
He calls aloud—a dark and shadowy form
Flits past; then all is silent, save the storm
Which comes in fitful murmurs, low and drear,
Like death's last wail upon the traveller's ear.

ADA'S BOWER.

With blooming Spring there came
A youth to Ada's bower,
Who gaily with his song
Beguiled the morning hour ;
And Ada joined his sportive lay,
Not spring's young birds were half so gay !

Another came—and he
Brought garlands for her brow ;
Of every flower that speaks
Of Love's impassioned vow.
And Ada smiled upon each wreath,
As if no thorn might lurk beneath.

By moonlight there came one
Who touched the light guitar ;
Its love-inspiring notes
Soft echo bore afar ;
While she, whose soul was music's own,
With rapture listened to each tone.

All sought her in the dance,
 No step more light and free,
 E'er joined the sportive ring
 Of fairy revelry.
 For Ada loved the bright and gay,
 Nor dreamed such scenes must pass away.

Youth, Beauty, Love, and Joy
 All sought young "Ada's Bower,"
 To listen to her song —
 All felt and owned her power.
 Her life seemed like a blissful dream —
 A pure, a bright, unshadowed stream.

But Autumn's chilling blast
 Soon passed o'er Ada's bower;
 No song was warbled there —
 And closed was every flower.
 "Where hath she gone?"—Echo's low tone,
 In sighing whisper, answered—"Gone!"

O'er Winter's snow-clad plain
 A train of mourners came,
 And on a marble tomb
 Was written—ADA's name!
 Of youth and joy, brief was her hour,
 Darkness doth rest o'er ADA'S BOWER.

VESUVIUS.

Impromptu Lines, written in the Traveller's Book at the HERMITAGE, on
Mount VESUVIUS, which commands a view of the ruins of POMPEII.

YEA, here thou standest in thy majesty !
Thy wild breath curling 'mid yon clear, blue sky,
Darkening the shores of the cerulean wave,
Like the tall cypress shading glory's grave.

How quiet now, within thy blackened breast,
The vengeful Spirits of destruction rest,
Waiting, as 't were, the coming of that hour,
When earth again shall tremble at thy power !

Like some proud warrior who doth sternly brood
O'er fields of conquest seared with human blood—
So thou in thy dark panoply dost stand,
At once the scourge and terror of the land.

Dread minister of elemental wrath !
Dark desolation marks thy fiery path.
Was *thine* coeval with the glorious birth
Of yon bright heaven, and this fair, fruitful earth ?

Or, from chaotic darkness wast thou hurled,
 To breathe destruction o'er a sinful world ?
 A bolt of vengeance from the Eternal throne,
 To do the bidding of th' Almighty One !

Looking abroad o'er yon wide wreck of ART,
 What deep emotions throng about the heart.
 Exhumed, as 't were, by magic's potent wand,
 Yon silent "CITY OF THE DEAD" doth stand —
 As though by mystic spell upheaved from earth,
 Bearing a buried realm to second birth.
 Like an embodied spirit from the tomb,
 Revisiting a world of light and bloom,
 POMPEII, in her funeral array —
 Again doth meet the glorious face of day.
 THERE — stand the structures man hath toiled to raise,
 To purchase earthly fame, and human praise ;
 The princely palace, and the warlike tower,
 The tessellated court, and seat of power,
 The classic Studio, and the Drama's throne,
 Round whose broad base the sighing night winds moan.
 Temples of science, literature, and art,
 Of mythologic worship, and apart —
 The solemn "street of tombs," and desert halls,
 Where Echo moans along those mouldering walls —
 Where erst proud Art her blazoned splendors hung,
 And revels gay, and notes of music rung.

Ages have passed, since yon proud City grew ;
 Ages have rolled, since, buried from our view,
 She slept engulfed beneath the fiery wave,
 THY wrath, VESUVIUS, sealed POMPEII's grave.

THE CONTRAST.

I KNEW the young Malvina in the dawn
Of life ; when her gay smile, like the bright morn,
Diffused a radiance on all around ;
And her soft voice was like the dulcet sound
Of the Æolian lyre, swept by the gale
That steals its fragrance from the dewy vale :
Or the wild bird, who spreads his golden wing,
To greet the joyous birth of blooming Spring !
When her bright eye, of Heaven's own tint, was fixed
On earth's fair treasures, and on joys unmixed
With care ; for her light spirit, free as air,
Was revelling in hope's bright sunshine, where,
Unshadowed by one cloud of worldly care,
Life's glowing scenes in gay perspective lie,
Like the rich pageant of a summer sky.
LOVE had for her a thornless wreath entwined,
Bright as her blush—pure as her youthful mind ;
While the blest object of her bosom's choice
Would list the music of her thrilling voice,
As through the grove or woodland path they strayed,
Or rested 'neath the fragrant woodbine's shade.
The student's task no longer seemed a toil,
Cheered by the sunny radiance of her smile.

When next I saw Malvina, the dark flow
 Of her deep veil bespoke the mourner's woe !
 Her step had lost its buoyant spring ; her face,
 Its roseate bloom ; her form, its youthful grace.
 A smiling Cherub in her arms she prest,
 With fond affection, to her widowed breast ;
 As if it were the only human tie
 That kept her spirit from its home on high :
 Her eye was rayless, save when raised in prayer,
 As though she sought for comfort only where
 Her treasure was laid up. Yet on her boy
 As oft she gazed, a smile of pride and joy
 Would light her cheek, as the reflection came,
 That *he*, perhaps, might, with his father's name,
 Inherit all his virtues, and his fame.
 Yet *she* must leave him. For Consumption's blight
 Had touched her cheek, and dimmed her eye of light,
 Pressed his cold seal upon her lovely form,
 And chilled the genial life-blood, thrilling warm
 From her young heart. She knew that she must die !
 And, but for *him*, had heaved no anxious sigh.
 Yet, deeply did she feel how he would miss
 Her soothing voice—the fond maternal kiss,
 Which paid her lisping nursling's evening prayer ;
 Oh ! who would then supply a mother's care ?
 Yet, when these painful feelings heaved her breast,
 Her trust in Heaven each rising sigh suppress ;
 While to that POWER she bent her suppliant knee,
 Who said—Leave thou the fatherless to ME.

SONNET.

WHEN the moon is high, and the stars around
Are glittering o'er the deep profound—
I see thy form in the dewy cloud,
Gliding above in its misty shroud,
And with smiles of love thou dost beckon me,
To that world of light where the spirit is free.
Oh! could I resign this form of clay,
How soon would I wing my flight away,
Up, and afar, through yon fair dome,
To share the peace of thy star-lit home.

When the storm is past, and the waves are at rest,
And the breeze comes fresh from the balmy west,
I hear thy voice steal soft along,
Like the dulcet notes of a seraph's song.
Thou hoverest near, where'er I rove,
With thy voice of peace, and thy smile of love.
Long hath each earthly tie been riven,
My hopes are now with thee and Heaven!
And when DEATH's heavy hand I feel,
Pressing my heart with his icy seal—
Oh! blest release, Dearest, I come—
To share the peace of thy star-lit home.

VOICE OF THE SEASONS.

THERE is a Voice in the western breeze,
As it floats o'er Spring's young roses,
Or sighs among the blossoming trees,
Where the spirit of love reposes.
It tells of the joys of the pure and young,
E'er they wander life's 'wilder paths among.

There is a Voice in the Summer gale,
Which breathes among regions of bloom,
Or murmurs soft through the dewy vale,
In moonlight's tender gloom.
It tells of hopes unblighted yet—
And of hours the soul can ne'er forget.

There is a Voice in the Autumn blast,
That wafts the falling leaf,
When the glowing scene is fading fast,
For the hour of bloom is brief;
It tells of life—of its sure decay,
And of earthly splendors that pass away!

There is a Voice in the Wintry storm,
For the blasting spirit is there,
Sweeping o'er every vernal charm,
O'er all that was bright and fair ;
It tells of death, as it moans around,
And the desolate hall returns the sound.

And there's a Voice—a small, still voice,
That comes when the storm is past ;
It bids the sufferer's heart rejoice,
In the haven of peace at last !
It tells of joys beyond the grave,
And of HIM who died a world to save !

ODE,

Written for, and sung at, the celebration of American Independence, in Boston,
July 4th, 1825.

IN that era of time when COLUMBIA was young,
Ere her name was enrolled in the archives of story,
Lone wandered her minstrels—their lyres were unstrung,
Till roused by the Spirit of National Glory;
When burst from afar,
The wild tempest of war—
O'er BUNKER'S proud heights rose AMERICA'S star,
'T was the type of our union, and ne'er shall decline,
Till earth shall to chaos her empire resign!

As sprang the young Phoenix unscathed by the flame—
Rose COLUMBIA'S EAGLE to conquest aspiring!
And long shall he soar in the light of her fame,
His wing in the path of her glory untiring.
For the Spirit of Fame
Wrote Washington's name
On the broad scroll of FREEDOM, in letters of flame:
And ne'er shall one ray of its brightness decline,
Till earth shall to chaos her empire resign!

We seek not for WAR, yet we sue not for PEACE,
If bought by subjection to foreign invasion ;
“ Success to Free Trade ! ” and may Commerce increase,
And COLUMBIA maintain all her rights as a nation !
Independent and free !
Our motto shall be,
For our soil is the birth-place of LIBERTY'S TREE !
To guard and defend it, her sons shall combine,
Till earth shall to chaos her empire resign !

SONG.

"THOUGHTS OF THEE."

THE thought of thee, is like the breath of morn,
Which whispers gently through the blooming trees;
Like music o'er the sparkling waters borne,
When the blue waves heave in the summer breeze.

The thought of thee, is like a blissful dream,
A holy vision, hovering o'er the blest;
Like the soft blending of the Sun's last beam
With the rich hues that tint the glowing west.

The thought of thee, is like that soothing power
Which whispers peace amid misfortune's gloom;
And oh, 't is like that consecrated flower,
Whose balmy fragrance long survives its bloom.

When all that was bright, and all that was gay,
 Like the hues of a rainbow, are passing away.
 When the voice that responded at Freedom's call,
 And rang with applause through the senate-hall,
 Is silent now, as the moment given,
 To fit his soul for the joys of heaven.

When he who explored the page of truth,
 To rob disease of her venom'd tooth;
 That hand which arrested the shaft of death,
 The skill that prolonged the quivering breath,
 Are powerless his own frail form to save,
 From the withering blight of the mouldering grave.

There is a grandeur in Man's decay,
 When his soul is warmed by the living ray,
 For it glows with the triumphs of virtue—past,
 And the light of that Heaven he hopes for at last;
 When the being he loves shall close his eyes,
 To wake in a world beyond the skies.
 Oft shall his soul, from those regions above,
 Revisit the scenes of his earthly love;
 And when the hour of her final doom
 Consigns her to the same cold tomb,
 His hovering form shall await her there,
 With a lover's smile, and an angel's care;
 And their spirits shall rise from this orb of clay,
 And wing their flight to eternal day.

ADDRESSED TO S * * * *

ON FINDING A FADED ROSE IN A VOLUME OF BYRON.

YEA, I remember thee, though years have flown
Since thou wert in thy bloom—thou faded one.
And I remember, too, the glowing smile
With which *she* placed thee here. Thou hadst awhile
Blushed on her bosom, when, with kindling eye,
Inspired by Byron's glowing minstrelsy,
She marked the page to which that bard hath given
All his impassioned soul e'er dreamed of Heaven.
She said—"Augusta, when this rose you see,
You'll worship Byron, and, you'll think of me."

Dearest—how oft I've thought of *thee*! The past
Seems like a blissful dream—too bright to last.
Thou wert the first companion of my heart,
To whom alone I freely might impart
Its first gay feelings, when life's scenes were new,
With all the hopes that dawned upon my view.

Together we explored the page of truth,
Together, trod the flowery paths of youth !
But oh—how changed those scenes, since there we roved—
How many have departed that we loved !

We, too, are changed. The marks of time and care
Are on my brow ; but thine—so bright and fair—
Oh, would that truthful monitors might spare.
Thou wilt forgive me, dearest, but I feel
A sorrow that the hand of time should steal
One charm from that fair form and lovely face,
Although I know each intellectual grace,
Which marked thy youthful spirit's energy,
Still lights thy smile, and sparkles in thine eye.

Dear, as in youthful hours, to me thou art,
The emanations of thy mind and heart
Beam in each glance, and glow upon thy cheek,
And in thy voice of music softly speak ;
Where'er thou art—whate'er thy fate may be—
Friend of my childhood, thou art dear to me.

STANZAS.

I SAW the bounding Ocean meet the skies,
And dead men's bones from its deep caves arise,
While syren mermaids, from their sea-girt thrones,
Amid the storm, poured forth their silvery tones.

I saw a vast Volcano cleave the earth,
And bear "a buried realm to second birth;"
Temples, and shrines, inscribed with classic lore,
Which science might with raptured eye explore.

I saw the chainless Spirit of the north
Upon the mighty whirlwind's breath rush forth—
Scathing the pine-clad mountain's towering brow,
And levelling the forest's pride below.

I saw the Sun, bright in his morning car,
Roll forth!—while each receding star,
Whose radiance had gemmed night's sable zone,
Sank viewless beneath their monarch's throne.

And I heard, as the stars were fading away,
Soft voices warbling a seraph lay.
I paused to listen—when lo! on high,
Bright forms were seen in the clear, blue sky,
Smiling on this cold world of ours.
Their temples were wreathed with brightest flowers,
And each one swept her golden lyre,
Responsive to the heavenly choir.
I gazed with rapture!—there came a gleam
Across my brow—'t was *morning's beam!*
The airy minstrels had passed away,
With their rosy smiles, and seraphic lay:
When brightly shone the God of day,
And waked me from a *dream.*

STANZAS,

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD DEVOTED TO THE STAGE.

BRIGHT CHERUB ! I could even weep that thou,
So sweet a scion from fair Nature's tree,
Shouldst dim the sunny radiance of that brow—
The lustre of thy spirit's purity ;
School the free pulse that heaves thy guileless heart,
And learn so soon to wear the guise of Art.

The upturned glance of thy cerulean eye,
In thrilling language speaks an ardent soul ;
The flash of genius—passion's energy,
And virtue's dawn—ALL these, to the control
Of ART must yield ! Child—thou must learn to sigh,
E'en when thou'rt blest—aye, smile, in misery !

Such is thy fate. But yet, so young art thou,
So pure and beauteous—on
A happier destiny. Would thou
From Art and all her dark d
Might ne'er be wreathed, but by
Which Virtue twines in Wisdom

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

VENEZ À MON JARDIN.

(Translated from the French.)

OH come to my garden of flowers,
If you wish for a nosegay so fair;
I've formed them in fanciful bowers,
And nursed them with tenderest care.

The richest exotics I cherish,
Together with wild flowers so sweet;
Oh come, then, and see how they flourish,
Where pride and simplicity meet.

Ye beaux—I have plenty of Belles!
And some most delightfully *blue*;
With Tulips whose beauty excels
The rainbow's celestial hue.

The Marigold thrives for the jealous;
For the studious, the Pansy* shall grow;
And for those who in friendship are zealous,
I've perennial wreaths to bestow.

* Pensée.

The Poppy, I'll give to the stupid ;
 The Cypress, to those who despair ;
 The Rose, to the votaries of Cupid,
 And to husbands, the prickly Pear.

For the brow of the love-lorn maid,
 I've a chaplet of powerful charm ;
 'Tis the Heart's-ease, which grows in the shade,
 And Thyme, intermingled with Balm.

To him who explores the lone dale,
 For some fair little wood-nymph to love,
 The Lily that blooms in the vale
 Will surely acceptable prove.

To the courtier, the Sun-flower may turn ;
 While prudes, on the wrong side of twenty,
 From the Ice-plant a lesson may learn,
 When lovers no longer are plenty.

The soldier, so sudden in quarrel,
 The Touch-me-not freely may have ;
 But the polished and glorious Laurel
 Doth bloom for the wise and the brave.

The miser, the Gold-button chooses,
 On genius I seldom bestow it :
 But as I'm a friend to the Muses,
 I've Bay for the brow of the poet.

For lovers, the young and the fair,
The virtuous, constant, and true,
I've Myrtles so fragrant and rare!
With blossoms of various hue.

In the shade of the silent grove,
For the lovers and friends of Rousseau,
I've planted a shrub that they love,
The classic Pervinca* shall grow.

With care have I fondly selected
A Rose, which blooms sweet through the year,
For the one whom my heart has elected;
And no thorn on its stalk shall appear.

* A flower found only in solitary places.

CHANSON ANACREONTIQUE.

(From the French.)

Look, Lesbia, charmer of my soul !
See how this rosy wine
Translucent mantles in the bowl—
Its blush is bright as thine.

One snowy hand my fair one raised,
To part her locks of golden hue,
When in the cup she downward gazed—
Oh, what a seraph sprang to view !

Reflected on its bright expanse,
Her cheek with rosier beauty glowed ;
More thrilling was her beaming glance,
Her hair with more luxuriance flowed.

To gaze upon so fair a form—
Oh ! who would not the goblet fill ?
Woman hath ever power to charm,
Yet in “our cups” she’s lovelier still.

MUSINGS BY A RIVER.

I stood beside a soft, meandering stream,
Which caught the blush of morning's rosy beam ;
The sweetest flowers to deck its banks were given,
And its calm surface bore the hue of Heaven.
The summer breeze played o'er its sparkling breast,
Whispering, like a soft spirit of the blest ;
While, lightly gliding on, it seemed to me
Like YOUTH's gay season, innocent and free.

I followed it. Through rougher scenes it flowed ;
Its heaving breast with brighter lustre glowed ;
Storm-riven trees, impeded here its course,
And there, o'er rocks it sped with wilder force.
Such is MATURITY. We onward press,
In search of wealth, or fame, or happiness ;
While in the glow of life's meridian hour,
Strongly resisting each opposing power.

When past the rocks—in a broad, smooth expanse—
To the deep sea did its calm waves advance.
The shades of evening now were gathering fast,
And o'er the tide a sombre veil had cast—

Save when the crescent moon, emerging bright,
Threw o'er its placid breast her silvery light.
And here, the tranquil hour of AGE I viewed,
Each earth-born passion sated, or subdued.

Next—a frail bridge, o'er a deep gulph, I crossed,
'Neath which both silvery stream and tide were lost;
'T was fathomless and dark. Many had sought
A knowledge of its depths, successful. Thought
In silence brooded there. No ray of light
Quivered amid the trackless space of night.
I paused, and felt—Such, is the oblivious deep,
Where weary nature sinks to her *last sleep*.

THE SLEEPING CHERUB.

FROM A PAINTING BY A YOUNG AMATEUR.

FAIR CHERUB ! from what holy sphere
Hast thou descended to our earth ?
Comest thou the widow's heart to cheer,
To check the friendless orphan's tear—
Or, dost thou come to bless the birth
Of some bright being, who, like thee,
Is heir to immortality ?

Within yon pearly cloud enshrined,
With brow serene and fair as heaven—
With folded wing, and cheek reclined,
And bright curls floating in the wind—
Thou seemst a blissful vision given,
Of that celestial world above,
Where all is harmony and love !

I would not, were it in my power,
Awake thee from thy blest repose ;
Yet would I wait that blissful hour
When, like bright morning's opening flower,
Those dewy lids thou shouldst uncloset ;
To catch the beam that lights thine eye,
Reflected from thy native sky.

SONG.

THERE are thoughts which come in our lonely hours,
 Linked with the shadowy past—
That fall like mild, refreshing showers,
 Upon a dreary waste.
They tell of the brilliant hopes of youth,
 Of days of happiness gone by,
When thought was speech, and speech was truth,
 And life—all poetry.

There are sounds, which come in our listless hours,
 Like voices we oft have heard—
Which awaken memory's thrilling powers,
 Like magic's mystic word.
Though breathed by strangers, in distant lands,
 Like music's sudden swell,
Or a lyre that is touched by unseen hands,—
 Our hearts confess the spell.

There are forms that come in our midnight dreams,
 Like those which once we knew ;
Like clouds tinged with the moon's mild beams,
 They pass before our view.

Whom speak they of? those fleeting shades —
 The friends of our early years.
 But while we gaze, the vision fades —
 And we are left—to tears!

SONG.

[From the Italian. Arranged to Music by Signor COUPA.]

OH! can I, dearest, e'er forget thee? Never!
 Even the thought gives anguish to my heart;
 Repose thy trust in me, and I will ever
 Be true to thee, though wealth and friends depart.

Absent from thee—I, like the summer rover,
 The light-winged bee, have roved from grove to bower;
 When will the hour return when I shall hover
 Round thee alone, my sweetest, dearest flower.

I feel a joy, even amid my sorrow,
 I clasp my chains, and wish not to be free;
 E'en from my grief, a soothing charm I borrow,
 Since, dearest, all my sighs are breathed for thee.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

It was a lovely picture!—A young boy,
Of scarce five summers, on a terrace stood,
Which overlooked a region of sweet flowers,
As fresh and blooming as his own bright cheeks;
While from a pipe, wiled from his ancient nurse
With many a kiss, the rosy urchin blew
Those air-created globes, which, as they soared
Through the blue space, caught the gay tints of morn.
Buoyant and bright as youthful hopes they seemed,
And radiant as those visioned forms of bliss
That hover in the dreams of innocence.

I watched the rapturous gaze of that young boy,
And heard his joyous shout, as rising high
Upon the breeze, those fragile orbs were borne.
But when they sunk, and vanished from his view,
A cloud of sadness came o'er his fair brow.

This picture read a lesson to my heart.
Oh—how like these, thought I, are half the hopes
And pleasures of this life! No sooner do
They smile upon our view—than they are gone!

Lost—faded into air—leaving no trace
Behind. 'T is thus the brilliant meteor Fame
Doth lure us on, to tread those giddy heights
Ambition loves; when lo! it vanishes—
And all is wrapt in darkness and despair!

Alas! such is the dream of Poesy.
In youth, it spreads a halo round the brow;
But soon life's dull realities crowd round,
Dispersing those bright forms by fancy drawn.

And such, too, is the pageantry of wealth,
Which sweeps in dazzling pomp before men's eyes;
At length the bubble bursts—forgotten sinks—
Leaving a void for others, frail as they.

WREATHS.

OH, weave ye a wreath for the maiden's brow,
Of roses that breathe in the morning gale,
Fragrant and pure from the dewy vale—
And hasten to crown the fair one now ;
For the bloom of beauty is bright and brief,
As the dew and the tint of the floweret's leaf.

Bring hither sweet blossoms, the first which spring
Awakens to birth with her joyous smile—
A garland to bind Love's downy wing,
And fetter his airy flight awhile ;
Though his reign is bright as the summer hour,
It passeth away with the fragile flower.

Oh, twine ye a wreath for the son of song,
Fresh from the land where the myrtles bloom,
While musing his native shades among,
To shed o'er his lyre its rich perfume :
For the path of genius too oft is drear,
As the leaf-strewn vale of the closing year !

Go ! scale yon cliff, where the eagle's nest
Peers from the cloud—the laurel is there,
Meet wreath for the gallant hero's crest,
Meet wreath for Liberty's sons to wear !
Who sought the nymph in her mountain guise,
And claimed from her hand the glorious prize.

Then seek ye at last the shadowy glen,
Where the cypress mourns, and the willows wave,
For a fadeless wreath of remembrance, when
The brave and the lovely descend to the grave !
For 't is Nature's weed, in her hour of gloom,
The *wreath* of the dead—the shade of the tomb.

ON SPRING.

(From HORACE, Ode iv.)

STERN Winter yields to Spring's more genial reign,
Favonian zephyrs whisper through the grove ;
The ships, released, glide o'er the bounding main,
And flocks and herds through blooming pastures rove.
No more the ploughman seeks his evening fire,
And from the plains the gelid frosts retire.

Now, bright Cytherea leads the joyous dance,
While Cynthia's beams irradiate each scene :
The sportive Graces, with the Nymphs advance,
And trip alternate o'er the flowery green ;
While ardent Vulcan, with his fiery brand,
Inflames the forges of the Cyclops band.

Now is the time to wreath the shining head,
With myrtles green, and flowers that deck the field,
Now is the time to seek the forest shade,
And to the rural god an offering yield ;
Whether he choose the tender lamb shall bleed,
Or claims for sacrifice the sportive kid.

Pale-visaged Death oft at the cottage stops,
 Alike the palace of the king invades.
 Life is too short to cherish distant hopes,
 For oh, too soon the ghosts of Pluto's shades
 Will lure us to that dark and gloomy shore,
 Where beauty, love, and wine shall charm no more !

THE SHIP 'SOUTHERNER.'

INSCRIBED TO W. S. W * * *.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life."

S EE—with what swan-like grace she seems to glide
 O'er the bright bosom of the sparkling tide ;
 U nfurls in proud array each snowy sail,
 T o woo the influence of the favouring gale.
 H er home is on the Sea—the boundless deep !
 E mbosomed in whose depths, wild spirits sleep ;
 R ude storms may come, but may the o'er-ruling Power
 N ever desert her in that trying hour ;
 E ver may she her ocean path explore,
 R eflecting honour to Columbia's shore.

COFFEE.

(From the French.)

So highly was this delightful beverage esteemed among the Persians, that they believe it to have been planted by an angel, who prepared it for Mahomet, to renovate his youth.—Bonaparte has said Coffee was the Ambrosia of the Gods, equally imparting nourishment and exhilaration.

HAIL, sacred plant! which, like the genial clime
That gave thee birth, exhilarates and warms;
Rouses the hero's soul to deeds sublime,
Or soothes to soft repose with gentler charms.

Flower of Arabia! to thee we owe
The classic lay of Homer's deathless lyre!
'T is thine to bid the soul of genius glow,
And sportive fancy's gayest dreams inspire,

O'er that fair soil that nursed thy infant bloom,
The Gods unbarred the radiant gates of day;
Where not one sombre cloud of wintry gloom
Rises to chase the genial blush away.

Fragrant exotic—flower of Paradise!
Through thee we hold communion with the skies.

BALLAD.

COLD blew the blast across the heath,
And darksome was the hour,
And the ill-omened bird of death
Screamed from the ruined tower.

Cold blew the blast across the heath,
When Ellen left her home,
Regardless of night's chilling breath,
O'er cheerless wilds to roam.

Around her sylph-like form so fair,
A silken plaid she threw ;
While on the blast her auburn air
In wild disorder blew.

She hied her to the battle-plain,
Though the hour was dark and dread ;
For oh ! she cried, my love is slain,
He hath for Scotland bled !

For oh ! she cried, my love is slain—
 He hath for Scotland bled ;
 His rest is on the battle-plain,
 And the cold earth his bed !

For he came not with the rising sun,
 To meet me in the bower ;
 Oh no ! nor did he come at noon,
 Nor evening's darksome hour.

“ What voice is that, so low and drear ?
 Is it the groan of the dying ? ”
 Ellen, she paused—and she listened to hear—
 “ Is it the voice of my Henry dear,
 Or the hollow night-breeze sighing ? ”

Among the dead her love she sought,
 With courage unappalled ;
 While hope or fear possessed each thought,
 As on his name she called.

Soon as the maid her love descried,
 And saw his bleeding wound—
 She wildly shrieked ! then sank beside
 Him, on the ice-cold ground !

They found her there at the dawn of day,
 But her reason had fled for ever !
 Though they hurried her from the scene away—
 From her memory it faded, never !



For oft would she visit his lowly tomb,
With garlands fresh and fair,
Woven of flowers of brightest bloom,
That shed their fragrance there.

And she would list to the swelling breeze,
And whisper a fond reply ;
For she said HE spake in the waving trees,
And beckoned her from the sky.

Poor Ellen !—cold is now thy breast,
For long hast thou been laid
In misery's only home of rest,
Beneath the willow's shade.

BY YOU

AUTUMN AND WINTER.

I KNOW t' is bright, 't is beautiful ! but yet,
I ne'er could look on Autumn's golden leaf,
Her robe of changeful dye, and not regret,
That things of loveliness should be so brief !

Who sighs *not* over Summer's latest rose ?
Although around us other flowers are wreathing,
Whose bosoms richer, gayer tints disclose,
And with whose fragrance every gale is breathing.

(For this fair flower, to young affection dear,
When once enshrined within a faithful breast,
Oh never—to the heart that loved sincere—
Can other blossoms be as fondly prest.)

And when the garden's loveliness is past,
We mark the towering forest in its pride ;
Which, though we know too soon must meet the blast,
Even with this, there is a hope allied—

That milder breezes yet, with gentle breath,
 And genial suns, the fading scene may cheer ;
 Suspend awhile fair Nature's vernal death,
 And sigh a requiem o'er the closing year.

Oh, there 's a desolation—wild and bleak,
 In WINTER's drear approach ! Our bosoms feel
 A paralyzing chill we cannot speak,
 Cling round the heart—through all its pulses steal !

'T is Nature's pall we look on ; and each blast
 Sounds as the knell of some departed joy !
 The blighting spirit o'er each scene hath passed,
 With mighty arm—commissioned to destroy !

No gay, no cheerful prospect now appears ;
 The wreck of beauty only meets our view !
 Nature's pale brow the wreath of sorrow wears,
 The mourning cypress, and the funeral yew.

The hardy shrub, that braves the mountain storm,
 Gemmed with the gelid tears by winter shed,
 Spreads o'er the snowy cliff its wreathing form,
 Like memory's tribute o'er the shrouded dead.

As round me fall the gathering shades of night,
 A deeper gloom pervades the leafless grove,
 The pale, cold moon beams with a silvery light,
 From her white cloud, in yon blue arch above.

The lofty trees twine their bare limbs on high,
Casting a chequered shadow o'er the vale ;
Waving alternately, they seem to sigh,
While sigh responsive swells upon the gale.

With the low blast, whose deep and hollow moans,
E'en now, are round my lonely casement stealing—
My heart a chilling gloom congenial owns,
The dearth of hope, and every social feeling.

Though soon, I know, will renovating SPRING,
From her o'erflowing urn, rich blessings pour ;
And Summer, too, her glowing offerings bring ;
They cannot—scenes of happiness restore.

STANZAS,

To R. D.

Written at Nahant, a Peninsula situated in Boston Bay, remarkable for the boldness of its rocky shores, and the broad and extensive beach, which, like a crescent, partially encircles it.

WHERE curl the wild waves round the rocky zone,
That clasps the bosom of NAHANT's bold shore,
I love, at twilight hour, to muse alone,
And listen to the ocean's distant roar.

I cannot speak of all my bosom feels,
While looking forth upon yon bright expanse ;
Each pulse a glow inexplicable thrills,
As at my feet the white-wreathed waves advance.

Like human hopes—proud waves, how bright ye rise,
Rush wildly on, and then, oh ! where are ye ?
Gone—with the beautiful, the brave, and wise,
To that unfathomed deep—Eternity !

But even here, there is a soothing charm,
Yea, amid Nature's warfare, when we rest
Beneath thy shadowy rocks, secure and calm,
As does the sea-bird, in her sheltered nest.

Oh thus, for me—when life's wild waves have past,
Freighted with joys, or by misfortunes driven,
May some fair port of safety smile at last,
And to my spirit prove a peaceful haven.

ADDRESS TO AN ALBUM,

BELONGING TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO REQUESTED THE WRITER'S OPINION
OF ITS CONTENTS.

THOU Tome of literary 'shreds and patches,'
Depository of poetic snatches—
Thou *multum in parvo* to thy pretty owner,
In thy fair frontispiece th' enamoured donor
His charmer's name hath finely flourished round,
With hearts, and darts, and mysteries profound!
Horses, with serpents' tails—and cats with wings,
And all such pretty, emblematic things!
Beating the Imps of Der Freyschutz all hollow,
Such chaste conceits all of true taste should follow.

We now commence, proceeding in due order—
A sky-blue Title-page, and gilded border.

First, comes a DEDICATION, rather prosing,
Upon a lady's time too much imposing.
Three pages, stored with excellent advice,
Which certainly appear so very nice—
In any other book, we should have said,
Or rather thought—they never had been read.

Next, prim ACROSTIC shews her profile face,
 Conscious of wanting every other grace :
 Where words wedged in, like people at a route,
 Are only there to make the number out.

Here comes, addressed to the presiding priestess,
 To honor whom this literary feast is,
 The sweetest effort of a lover's skill,
 That ever issued from a goose's quill.
 Here, hopes and smiles are mixed with vows and sighs,
 And golden hair, and soft, cerulean eyes,
 With cheeks of rose, and *tulips* bright and gay ;
 All but the *pun*, is clever in its way ;
 The Author strives at wit—which is a pity—
 Lovers should ne'er be funny—much less witty !

Ha ! here comes PAINTING. Two fair hands united,
 And on Love's altar two fond hearts are plighted—
 Pierced by a feathered arrow through and through !
Beneath—" Si je te perde, je suis perdu."
Above—a myrtle; with two doves upon it,
 And under all, a pretty little sonnet.

Here, in black letter, plods a prosing elf,
 Profuse and prolix—all about himself ;
 Profound in nonsense, apes the stoic school,
 Quotes his own writings, as the golden rule ;
 Pranks his absurdities in solemn guise,
 And, like an owl at noon, looks monstrous wise !

On this fair page, in close Italian hand,
 Too fine for common wits to understand,
 Are penned some pretty lines from Lalla Rookh,
 Which all may read who chance to know the book.

PAINTING again. I'll venture a description.
 A monument, an urn, and an inscription.
 Beside it stands a lady, very tall—
 Surrounded by some children, very small—
 With 'kerchief in her hand, and floating veil,
 And woeful visage, but not over pale.
 All shaded by a willow-tree—or rather,
 What would appear a mammoth ostrich feather.

Here also, too, by way of rarity,
 Are odes to FAITH, and HOPE, and CHARITY,
 Subscribed by many a sweet, romantic name,
 Ambitious to acquire a poet's fame;
 Which pass as fair originals about,
 Till some shrewd wight shall tell the secret out.

Of EXTRACTS, too, these pages fair elicit—
 Sublime and beautiful—*quantum sufficit*.

The next leaf comes upon one with a dash—
 Almost as startling as the lightning's flash!—
 A huge BOUQUET—big as a sheaf of rye—
 Composed of flowers of every form and dye;
 Of red, and yellow, purple, blue, and green,
 With here and there a patch of white between.

Flat-painted outlines, without light or shade,
In short—like nothing Nature ever made !

Last, comes a page of Music, and a Song,
Which has one merit only—'t is not long.
'T was sung—(so saith the Author) at a dinner ;
Now, had I been a guest—as I 'm a sinner,
Ere it was o'er, I should have called to mind
Some business of a most important kind ;
Made my apology in phrase polite,
And bade the tuneful coterie good night.

Reader—what think you of my brief review
Of this fair Volume?—I appeal to you.
“Appeal to me?” methinks I hear you cry—
“I disapprove of it, decidedly.
'T is most illiberal—'t is indeed outrageous,
To rattle thus o'er other people's pages,
Condemning Painting, Poetry, and Song—
To you that privilege should not belong ;
For, probably, if now the truth were known,
What you condemn, is better than your own !”

Thank you, good reader, for the compliment,
In which there is more truth, than kind intent.

Now if you ask me, what was my inducement
To scribble thus? I answer—for amusement.
Not, as some self-dubbed critics write, from malice ;
Who may be found in garret, hall, and palace.

Yea, hirelings, who have nothing else to do
 But scribble nonsense, which they call "Review,"
 These literary dragons oft, indeed,
 Write *critiques* upon books they never read ;
 Censure whate'er they cannot understand,
 And o'er the press assume supreme command.
 They 'mind one of the lion's keeper, who
 Doth triumph o'er him, when in public view ;—
 Though well he knows, the power that seems to yield
 To his control—if free, upon the field—
 Might, with one grasp, within a moment's space,
 Send his proud leader to—another place.

Reader, adieu, until we meet again.
 From intimations strong, 't is rather plain
 That, should you chance to be—or turn, Reviewer,
 And wish my good opinion to secure,
 You will be very cautious how you make
 Your comments on my verse, for your own sake
 I speak—and literary reputation.
 To storm a fortress, needs some preparation !
 Critic—farewell ; if we do *not* agree,
 Perchance some day you 'll hear again from me.

SUN-RISE ON CATSKILL MOUNTAIN,

WHICH COMMANDS A VIEW OF THE RIVER HUDSON, N. Y.

HAIL, glorious Orb of light!
Waking the blushing dawn from her veiled couch,
Gemmed with the stars of night.
At thy enkindling touch,
Forth roll a host of clouds—
A gorgeous pageantry! which onward go
O'er the white mist that shrouds
The wide expanse below.

Thou risest! and around—
Warmed by thy beams, the face of Nature glows!
The heaving deep profound,
Doth sparkle as it flows;
While from the purple east,
Throned in her car, the rosy Morning springs,
And from her brodered vest
Its purest gems she flings.

With thee, there comes a rush
Of sweetest sounds, through grove, and bower, and dell ;
In the leaping torrent's gush,
And in the murmuring rill.
To thee the genial Earth
Unveils her bosom, blushing at thy gaze ;
While Beauty springs to birth
Beneath thy glowing rays.

THE BRIDAL GIFT.

To form a bouquet for the beautiful Bride,
The youths and maidens went forth in glee ;
They roved by the sparkling river's side,
Where the lily, in its purity,
Gave to the breeze its fragrant breath,
Meet flower for beauty's bridal wreath.

They sought where twines the circling vine,
And the sunny hills where the wild flowers bloom ;
The bower where roses and myrtles twine,
And even the forest's shadowy gloom ;
For the holly bright, and the heart's-ease fair,
And the sweet forget-me-not were there.

All these they culled for the innocent Bride,
As glowing and pure as her guileless breast,
But she who gave them, smiled aside,
As their gift to the fair one's heart was prest.
'T was Envy. She had mingled there,
'Mong those bright flowers, the thorns of Care.

A FRIEND.

WHEN the heart is with gloom and dejection oppressed,
And the cares which on sorrow attend,
When anxiety's thorns strew the couch of our rest,
And the sigh of despondency heaves the sad breast,
How sweet are the smiles of a friend.

When disease robs the cheek of that roseate dye,
Which health once delighted to blend,
And dim is the light of the once beaming eye,
To watch as the feverish pulses throb high—
How soft is the hand of a friend.

When death hath deprived us of those we held dear,
While o'er us grief's shadows extend,
How sweet to confide in a bosom sincere,
Those sorrows that waken kind sympathy's tear,
And to feel that we *still* have a friend !

When fortune doth frown, and the world is unkind,
And those hopes upon which we depend,
By treachery are all to oblivion consigned,
And envy and pride are against us combined,
Then, dear is the voice of a friend.

And e'en when prosperity brightens each scene,
With the joys that on fortune attend ;
Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor cares intervene,
And our views of the future are bright and serene,
Still, dear to the heart, is a friend.

SONG.

If there's on earth a blooming bower,
Where fadeless leaf and thornless flower
 Together brightly twine—
Where fruits ambrosial crown the trees,
And health comes in each passing breeze—
 Oh, would that bower were mine!

If there's a clime where wintry storms
Come not, to blight those vernal charms
 That glow on Nature's breast—
Where all is mild, and bright, and fair,
Would I might make my dwelling there,
 And be at peace and rest.

If there's a land where power and pride,
To wealth and ignorance allied,
 Ne'er held a sovereign sway—
Where humble merit dares to claim
The well-earned meed of honest fame—
 To that fair land—away!

TEARS.

THERE is a tear whose bitter flow
Speaks deeply of the bosom's woe ;
Of care, and pain, and withering grief,
And want, that sues not for relief.

There is a tear in secret shed,
O'er perished hopes and pleasures fled ;
O'er treacherous love's perfidious smile,
And envy's blast, and falsehood's guile.

There is an agonizing tear,
Which falls upon the funeral bier,
Wrung from the bosom of despair,
When the heart's treasure slumbers there.

There is a tear of burning shame,
Shed o'er the wreck of ruined fame,
When conscience, startled from her sleep,
Looks forth upon life's troubled deep.

A tear, to true repentance given,
When, to the verge of misery driven,
The soul its desolation feels,
And at the throne of mercy kneels.

These speak of all the woes that mark
Our shadowy pathway through life's dark
And cheerless pilgrimage of gloom,
They fall, like faded flowers upon a tomb !

Yet, there's a tear, which, like the dew
That comes with twilight's tender hue
Upon the bosom of the rose,
As if in sorrow o'er its close ;

'T is that which weaves the potent spell,
Around the whispered word—Farewell !
A tear of hope, to friendship given,
Once more to meet—if not on earth, in Heaven !

SOUVENIR.

(Translated from the French of A. DE LAMARTINE.)

VAINLY day follows after day,
They pass, but leave no trace behind ;
Yet oh, no power can e'er efface
Love's last sweet vision from my mind !

I see my rapid years glide on,
Behind me darkly gathering round ;
As the old oak before him views
His faded leaves fall to the ground.

My brow, alas ! is blanched by time,
And my chilled blood doth feebly flow ;
'T is like the wave which is enchained
By blasts that sweep o'er wastes of snow.

But oh ! thy young and brilliant form,
Which doth each fond regret assuage,
Shrined in my breast, can ne'er grow old,
'T is like the soul—it hath no age !

No, never dost thou quit my sight,
For often when my watchful eyes
Have ceased to view thee upon earth—
Lo ! I behold thee in the skies !

There, thou appearest to me still,
E'en as thou didst on the last day,
When, soaring to thy heavenly home,
Thou wert enrobed in morning's ray.

Thy pure and tender loveliness,
A dwelling hath above the sky,
And those soft eyes, though closed in death,
Now, beam with immortality !

The zephyr, with its amorous breath,
Sports lightly with thy long dark hair,
Whose undulating tresses flow,
Falling upon thy bosom fair.

I see, through yonder misty veil,
Thy softened image—like the dawn
Which comes to chase away the shades
That linger o'er the brow of morn.

The sun, with his celestial light,
Arises, and retires with day ;
But to my love there comes no night,
Thou, from my soul art ne'er away !

Yea, it is thee whom I behold,
 In deserts lone, in clouds above ;
 The wave reflects thy beauteous form,
 The zephyr bears thy voice of love.

When all of earth are wrapt in sleep,
 While as the sighing breeze I hear,
 I fancy, in each murmured sound,
 Words that are sacred to mine ear !

While gazing at those distant orbs,
 That gem the sombre veil of night,
 Methinks I see, in every star,
 The one most lovely to my sight.

And when the perfume of sweet flowers
 Is borne upon the western gale,
 'T is in their soft and fragrant breath
 That I thy balmy sighs inhale.

It is thine hand which dries my tears,
 In sorrow, and in solitude ;
 Or when I raise the secret prayer
 Unto the Author of all good !

When I repose in darkness, thou
 Dost spread thy guardian wings o'er me ;
 Yea, thou dost come to bless my dream,
 Like a pure spirit, bright and free.

Oh, in my vision, if thy hand
Should free me from these earthly ties,
Celestial partner of my soul—
To thy pure bosom would I rise !

Like two rays of the glowing dawn,
Like two sighs blended into one ;
Thus are our souls in union joined,
And yet, alas ! I sigh alone.

MARKS OF TIME.

AN Infant Boy was playing among flowers—
Old TIME, that unbribed register of hours,
Came hobbling on, but smoothed his wrinkled face,
To mark the loveliness and sportive grace
Of that young cherub, on whose cheek so fair
TIME smiled, and left a rosy dimple there.

BOYHOOD next followed, with his shout of glee,
Elastic step, and spirit wild and free,
Scourging his hoop along the pebbly shore,
Unmindful of his satchel's treasured lore;
Gay as the new-fledged lark in his first flight,
Or the young fawn that scales the mountain height.
TIME cast a glance upon the careless Boy,
Who frolicked onward with a bound of joy.

Then YOUTH came forward. His bright, glancing eye
Seemed a reflection of the cloudless sky!
The dawn of passion, in its purest glow,
Crimsoned his cheek, and beamed upon his brow,

Imparting a rich beauty to his face,
 And to his form and air, a manly grace.
 His voice was harmony, his speech was truth,
 TIME gently laid his hand upon the youth.

Next MANHOOD followed, in the sunny prime
 Of life's meridian bloom. All the sublime
 And beautiful of Nature met his view—
 Brightened by hope, whose radiant pencil drew
 Prospective scenes of happiness, as fair
 As ever smiled on Eden's sinless pair.
 Love and ambition, with alternate sway,
 Illumed his soul, as with electric ray;
 Before him bloomed life's variegated path,
 With all the bright allurements pleasure hath.
 Unpractised in the labyrinths of art,
 Ardent, ingenuous, and sincere, his heart
 Had yet to learn, that on life's ample stage,
 Where all in some appointed part engage,
 HE in the masque must join—the scenic plan—
 Where man confronts his brother actor, man,
 In garb assumed to suit his purpose best—
 The cowl, the classic gown, or motley vest;
 Had yet to learn, that to be worldly wise
 Was but to study Nature—in disguise.
 With these reflections, oft a shade of care,
 Light as a cloud that floats in summer air,
 Would o'er his features shed a transient gloom,
 But left no trace upon his cheek of bloom:
 TIME sighed, as on his polished brow he wrought
 The first impressive lines of care and thought.

MAN in his grave maturity came next,
 A bold review of life, from the broad text
 Of Nature's ample volume. He had scanned
 Her varied page—and a high course had planned.
 Humbled ambition, wealth's deceitful smile,
 The loss of friends, sickness, and mental toil,
 Had blanched his cheek, and dimmed his ardent eye,
 But spared his noble spirit's energy.
 God's brightest stamp of intellectual grace
 Still shone unclouded o'er his care-worn face !
 On his high brow still sate the firm resolve
 Of judgment deep, whose issue might involve
 A nation's fate ; yet thoughts of milder glow
 Would oft, like sunbeams o'er a mound of snow,
 Upon his cheek their genial influence cast,
 As memory dwelt upon th' eventful past.
 TIME, as he marked his noblest victim, shed
 The frost of years upon his honoured head.

Last came, with trembling limbs, and bending form,
 Like the old oak bowed by the wintry storm,
 MAN in the closing scene of human life.
 Long from his view had past each earthly strife ;
 Reason's proud triumph—passion's wild control,
 No more contend for mastery o'er his soul ;
 As rest the billows on the sea-beat shore,
 The war of rivalry is heard no more.
 Faith's steady light alone illumines his eye,
 For TIME is pointing to ETERNITY !

NEW YEAR WISH.

TO ANNA MARIA, AGED FIVE YEARS.

DEAR one, while bending o'er thy couch of rest,
I've looked on thee as thou wert calmly sleeping,
And wished—Oh! couldst thou ever be as blest
As now—when haply all thy cause of weeping
Is, for a truant bird, or faded rose;
Though these light griefs call forth the ready tear,
They cast no shadow o'er thy soft repose,
No trace of care, or sorrow, lingers here.

With rosy cheek, upon the pillow prest,
To me thou seemst a cherub, pure and fair,
With thy sweet smile, and gently heaving breast,
And the bright ringlets of thy clustering hair;
What shall I wish thee, little one? Smile on
Through childhood's morn—through life's gay spring—
For oh—too soon will those bright hours be gone!
In youth, time flies upon a silken wing.

May thy young mind, beneath the bland control

Of education, lasting worth acquire ;

May virtue stamp her signet on thy soul,

Direct thy steps, and every thought inspire.

Thy parents' earliest hope—be it their care

To guide thee through youth's path of shade and flowers,

And teach thee to avoid false pleasure's snare ;

Be thine—to smile upon their evening hours.

THE GREY NUN.

In a sequestered pass, between Lake George and Ticonderoga, is a lowly grave, covered simply by a square white stone. Tradition says, during the American Revolution, a British Officer induced a professed Nun to quit her convent in Montreal, and fly with him to the Plains of Ticonderoga, where he had been ordered. It was his fate to be killed in the first engagement that took place at that Fort; since which, till her death, she lived entirely secluded.

THERE is a green grave by George's Lake,
In a valley deep and lone,
Spring's earliest blossoms round it wake,
And the dark, feathery woodland brake
Waves o'er its low, white stone.

'T is a beauteous spot—that silent glade,
To be the abode of death!
The wild-bird warbles in its shade,
And the murmur of the far cascade
Comes soft on the zephyr's breath.

There's a fragrance in the stirring air
That breathes through this vale of bloom,
Where all is tranquil, bright, and fair,
As if pure spirits were hovering there,
To hallow that humble tomb.

Who doth beneath those shadows sleep ?
 No name is on the stone ;
 Yet there pale beauty comes to weep,
 And sorrow's mournful vigils keep,
 In silence and alone.

Often from yon dark forest steals,
 'Neath moonlight's silvery glow,
 A shadowy form that lowly kneels,
 And to the night alone reveals
 Her fair, unveiled brow.

With vesper hymn and requiem there,
 And many a holy rite,
 With penance deep, and fervent prayer,
 Hovers that shadowy form so fair,
 Until the dawn of light.

NUN of St. Lawrence !—is it thou,
 Who weepest o'er yon sod ?
 By thy grey robes I know thee now ;—
 Thou, who didst break thy convent vow,
 An exile from thy God !

Yet oh ! thou fond, devoted maid,
 For thine apostacy,
 Full deeply, dearly, hast thou paid !
 For he, whose guile thy faith betrayed,
 Sleeps 'neath that willow-tree.

How couldst thou hope the sacred Dove,
That bore thy vows to Heaven,
And saw them registered above,
Might consecrate thy earthly love—
When from his altar driven !

What shall console thee, sorrowing one !
Or give thy bosom rest ?
When thou shalt for thy guilt atone,
Calm be thy rest beneath the stone
That shrouds thy lover's breast.

ADDRESS

TO A MOSCHETO.

AVAUNT! thou fiend of discord!—thou vile thing,
Like a base flatterer, hovering in the light
Of fortune's favours, ever on the wing;
Oh—blast no more my hearing, nor my sight.

Nursed on the bosom of the stagnant lake
Of Stygian darkness, and contagious steam,
When all the world is sleeping, thou 'rt awake,
Haunting the slumberer in his fitful dream.

Loosed from Pandora's box, thou spreadst thy wing,
Buzzing about with thy nefarious breath,
Thou little flying Upas, in thy sting
Lurks poison, pain, and madness—all but death.

We cannot rove to taste the evening breeze,
But thou art there, with that eternal hum,
Thou insect-dragon!—nor recline at ease,
But lo! in pestilential troops ye come!

I 've started at a cannon's sudden roar,
I 've heard a crowded audience—encore !
Have seen a shattered windmill in a gale,
And heard in midnight storms a ghostly wail ;
To street declaimers, and hand-organs too,
I 've had to listen—and, to pay a sous ;
Been wakened by a locomotive screech,
Which, to describe, defies all parts of speech ;—
Thinking I was within a moment's reach
Of Vulcan's forge. I 've seen some nameless things,
Which creep on legs, and fly aloft on wings,
Disgusting to my sight, and to mine ear ;
All these, with Christian patience I may bear—
But not the sight of *thee*, with thy unceasing din,—
Thou little Beelzebub ! thou miniature of Sin !

CHARMANT RUISSEAU.

SONG, from a French Opera.

THY banks, charming river, no longer shall prove
The seat which my heart once devoted to love ;
For now, as thy waters flow plaintively by,
Both morning and evening they echo my sigh,
Charming river.

Thou hast witnessed how fondly my Eleanor loved—
But oh ! I will teach you how faithless she proved ;
More wayward and false was the heart that she gave,
Than the varying course of your bright, rolling wave—
Charming river.

On thy banks she confessed that she loved me alone,
But her sigh and her vow with the zephyr are flown ;
Oh—would that it also could bear from my heart
Her image, or thou couldst thy coldness impart,
Charming river.

Still thou in thy beauty as brightly shalt flow,
When free from my sorrows I slumber below ;
Yea, spring shall return to enwreath thy fair shore,
Though the bard and his song be remembered no more,
Charming river.

THE STRANGER BIRD.

SHIP "ROSCOP," JUNE 3D, 1839.

KEEN blew the blast o'er the Ocean's breast,
The roaring waves were high,
When, driven afar from its mother's nest,
The land-bird sought a haven of rest,
To close its wings, and die!

A sea-boy screened it from the storm;
Who more humane than he?
Though hard his hand, his heart was warm;
Like a gem, enshrined in a rugged form,
That sea-boy's seemed to me.

Young Bird—what tempted thee to stray—
Through distant climes to roam?
Was it in search of scenes more gay,
To warble there thy native lay—
That thou didst leave thy home?

If so, full dearly hast thou paid—
 Thou lost, and lovely one ;
No more thy notes shall cheer the glade,
Thy feathered partner in the shade
 Sits silent and alone !

Such is the fate of those who stray,
 In the gay morn of youth,
Where false allurements lead the way,
And thus to ruin fall a prey—
 Who leave the paths of truth.

SONNET.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

OH! can it be, that friends we have loved best—
Whose hopes, whose pleasures were entwined with ours,
With whom, in social life, we once were blest—
Can these pass lightly on—with all the rest
Of those fair, transient things—those short-lived flowers,
Which bloomed in youth's gay path?—Must these pass on,
And leave no trace behind?—nought for the heart
To muse upon, in silence and alone—
When all that waked its rapturous pulse is gone—
Must these, like a delightful dream, depart?

Can those, who joyed each other's smiles to greet—
Who revelled in that luxury of soul,
Where all the purest, best affections meet,
Ties, made by friendship's sacred union, sweet,—
Can these be severed—even by time's control?
Oh! yes. Oft on an eye, that once hath shed
Its brightest beam to bless some happier hour,
We coldly gaze. The smile, too, which once spread
A glow that lingered, though its light had fled—
How deeply have we felt—hath lost its power.—
Save that, which retrospection may impart,
To wake the slumbering feelings of the heart.

STANZAS,

To L. G. C.

I've been where Beauty's cheek was bright,
And fragrant flowers were wreathing,
Where forms were glancing like beams of light,
To music's dulcet breathing.
But I saw full many a brow of gloom,
Encircled by flowers of gayest bloom ;
While many a bosom, fraught with care,
Heaved 'neath the gems that sparkled there.

I've been in a myrtle-woven bower,
Where dimpled love was smiling,
Where Youth and Innocence, each hour,
Were sportively beguiling.
But I saw that Envy was lurking there,
To blast the buds that bloomed so fair ;
That Falsehood was hovering in disguise,
Like Sin, in the shades of paradise.

I've been in the circles of the gay—
 In the halls of the titled great,
 And I've seen the pomp and the proud display
 That on wealth and power await;
 But I found e'en there were those who sighed,
 Yea, in their palaces of pride,
 For the quiet joys of an humbler dome,
 For the scenes and the friends of their early home.

'T is not where Beauty's cheek is brightest,
 Nor flowery coronals are lightest,
 'T is not where richest diamonds blaze,
 Nor where young Love with Beauty strays;
 'T is not in circles of the great,
 Nor in the halls of wealth or state,
 That joy, and peace, and truth, alone reside;
 Oh, no. Care, envy, dark deceit, and pride,
 Have also there a place. Each acts a part.
 The farce is—to disguise the human heart;
 And those who best succeed—whate'er their aim,
 Are sure to gain the highest niche of fame.

AUTUMNAL VISIT,

To a respected Friend, at whose residence the Writer had, in early youth,
passed a summer.

OH—say, my friend, is this the grove
Through which, with thee, I oft have strayed ?
Are these the scenes we used to love,
In summer's glowing garb arrayed ?
The breeze is chill—the leaf is sere,
Yet, to my heart, these scenes are dear.

Oh—lead me to my favorite tree,
Round which the graceful woodbine twined,
Or to that bower, so dear to me,
Beneath whose shade I've oft reclined ;
Though clothed in autumn's sombre gloom,
They'll whisper still of former bloom.

Rememberest thou that dewy grot,
Peering above the ocean wave ?
Believe me, I have ne'er forgot
'T was there, that you this promise gave—
“ Where'er her future paths may tend,
Still shall I prove Augusta's friend.”

So hast thou been—still mayst thou be—
All that thou ever didst profess.
I never dreamed a change in thee—
Thy heart, in friendship's singleness,
Ne'er framed a wish, or thought alone,
Which e'en an angel might not own.

A MOONLIGHT WALK IN ROME.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO G. W. G., Esq.

ROME, APRIL 17, 1840.

How brightly forth, from her cerulean throne,
Looks yon fair orb on thy illustrious brow,
Queen City of the world—Imperial ROME!
Shedding her lustrous beams o'er thy proud heights,
Thy towers—thy temples—which coeval seem
E'en with the deep foundations of the earth.

Yea—o'er yon consecrated dome, which stands
 Sublime, amid the mighty wreck of time—
 With its expanded portals, like the gate
 Of heaven, free to the faithful and the just.
 Her softened light comes o'er thy palaces,
 Thy sparkling founts, and time-wreathed monuments,
 Thy sculptured gates, through which in triumph passed
 Exulting millions, when thy sceptered hand—
 Immortal ROMA! swayed this glorious realm.

Stand I within thy walls?—or do I dream?
 No.—Such a vision never came to bless
 My brightest hours. THEE I behold, e'en in
 Thy fallen greatness—still supreme in all
 Those god-like arts, which rescue from the grasp
 Of dark oblivion, the priceless gems
 That strew thy classic land—the chisel, and
 The pencil, and the lyre. They live in stone,
 They speak from canvas, and they breathe in song.
 They tell thy history, immortal ROME!

SONNET. TO SPRING.

SWEET SPRING, I love thee! e'en in the first soft blush
That glows upon the simple wild flower's bosom;
The bright, green sod, beside the fountain's gush,
The balmy fragrance of the opening blossom.

I hail thee, as fair Nature's jubilee!
For all of ocean, air, of heaven, and earth;
At thy approach—move, speak, and breathe of thee;
Thou smilest—and a new world of beauty springs to birth!

Yea, I do love thee—for my first young dream
Of pleasure, was within thy sunny bowers;
How different then was this same world to me!
It seemed a bright parterre of sweetest flowers.

However changed it be—still can I stray
Delighted through thy labyrinths of shade;
Can listen to the wild bird's morning lay,
Or muse for hours within the blooming glade.

Oh, Nature, what to thee are things of art?
Around thine altar inspiration breathes;
While the oblations of each grateful heart
Ascend, and mingle with thy votive wreaths.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE, BY A YOUTH IN THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

REVERED and honoured SIRs, ye who have deigned
To honor by your presence our slight claims
To that fair prize, which all may hope to win ;
Patrons of learning, to whose fostering care
The brightest buds of genius owe their birth ;
And ye, fair, gentle friends, whose cheering smiles
And looks of kind approval we have shared,
Throughout our varied tasks—RECEIVE OUR THANKS.
And if, in after years, perchance ye learn
Some young adventurer on these classic boards
Hath been appointed, by the wise resolve
Of learned men, to take his stand among
The brave defenders of our land and laws ;
Or, called to speak the holy word of truth —
Bethink yourselves—so please you, 't was your smile
Upon his youthful efforts, that hath gained
For him the honors of his high pursuit.

Unskilled in ancient lore, I may not speak,
In classic phrase, of the Mythology
Of olden times, or seek to grace withal

My humble theme ; but, with your kind permission,
 I would tell a dream, with this apology—
 That wiser heads than mine have “ had a dream ! ”

I SLEPT—if sleep it might be called. ‘T was not
 That soft repose which quiet rest doth bring
 The wearied spirit, or the toil-worn frame.
 With all the consciousness of thought and life,
 Divested of its passions and its cares—
 Absorbed, emotionless, my spirit felt
 The glorious presence of OMNIPOTENCE—
 Of HIM, who holds CREATION in his hand !

Methought I stood upon the shadowy verge
 Of boundless, shoreless, dark eternity !
 I looked abroad, o’er its engulfing waves ;
 Proud wrecks of earthly greatness floated on,
 In wild confusion, to that viewless shore,
 From whence no traveller hath e’er returned.
 The regal sceptre, and the jewelled crown,
 The priestly mitre, and the storied shield,
 Rich with the proud emblazonry of war ;
 The sculptured urn of tributary fame,
 The literary wealth of ages past,
 Came hurried onward by that ceaseless tide,
 Where all of human glory sinks to rest.

I looked abroad, o’er nature’s wide domain,
 The noblest works of art—Egypt’s proud tombs,
 The hallowed rest of high and mighty men ;
 Towers, which the blast of ages had defied,

Upheaved by earth, were crumbling into dust !
 Fair temples, sacred to the living God,
 And shrines profaned by base idolatry,
 Alike were mingling in that formless mass,
 Which freights the current of oblivion's tide.

The Spirit of destruction was abroad—
 Conflicting hosts in fatal combat met ;
 Loud shouts of triumph, shrieks of wild despair,
 With sounds incongruous, rang from shore to shore,
 Man's hand was raised against his brother man,
 And DESOLATION'S seal was stamped in blood !
 Monarchs dethroned, were prostrate at his feet ;
 The reverend Seer of holy prophecy,
 The chief of millions, and the pride of arms,
 The gorgeous pageantry of civic power—
 All, passed away—as sinks the golden sun
 'Neath the dark veil that shrouds the coming storm.

A thrill of horror crept through every vein !
 'T was, as the grasp of the destroyer's hand
 Had chilled the vital pulses of my heart,
 And stayed its course. With step recoiling, and
 Averted eye, like one expectant of
 Some stern decree of dark, mysterious fate—
 I stood. When lo ! a beam of rosy light
 Burst through the darkness, and illumed my path,
 Soft, as the halo circling round the car
 Of young Aurora, when, with glowing smile,
 She kisses from the rose the tear of night !
 A mild, diffusive radiance beamed around,

Favonian zephyrs, redolent with all
 The fragrance and the harmony of spring,
 Came o'er my senses with that mystic power
 Which lifts the human soul from earth to heaven !
 My heart heaved freely, yet I feared to breathe,
 Lest the fair scene should vanish from my sight.

A simultaneous glow of hope and joy,
 Like flash electric, thrilled through every nerve.
 Amazed—impulsively I gazed around !
 The olden world, methought, had passed away.
 No regal palaces, no cloud-capped towers,
 The boast of ages, and the pride of art,
 Burst on my view. No troops of mail-clad men,
 In hostile guise, stood forth upon the field.
 The trumpet's blast, the clang of arms, had ceased ;
 No warlike fleets, eager for mortal strife,
 In proud defiance lengthened down the coast.
 Fair NATURE, in her rich diversity
 Of simple beauty, and majestic grace,
 Reigned, undisputed sovereign of the scene !

The vine-wreathed cottage, and the humble church,
 Lifting its spire above the forest green —
 Bright, blooming vales, and broad, luxuriant fields,
 Rich with the promise of autumnal wealth ;
 The sportive flocks that bounded o'er the hills,
 The quiet herd that grazed upon the lawn,
 The pensile willow, bowing gracefully
 Upon the bosom of the sparkling stream ;
 All, met my raptured view. While sweetest sounds,

Soft as the breathings of Æolia's lyre,
 Symphonious mingled with the distant hum
 Of rural industry and hardy toil ;
 While honest art, with conscious pride, surveyed
 The rude productions of her infant hand.

My bosom heaved with that instinctive joy
 The voyager feels, when first his country's shore
 Bursts on his sight. For 't was my HOME I saw !

O dulcis Patria te teneo !

Yea, 't was my home, mine own dear Native Land—
 'T was young COLUMBIA, in the early dawn
 Of that bright glory which now crowns her brow !
 'T was she, who erst with eye indignant spurned
 Despotic tyranny, and dared be FREE !
 When, like the eaglet, from its mother's nest,
 Cleaving its pathway through a world of light,
 She made the Land of LIBERTY her home ;
 And, at the consecrated shrine of Peace,
 Poured forth her grateful orisons to God !

Gentles—my "DREAM" is told. 'T were vain to speak
 Of what ye all do know, COLUMBIA's fame !
 'T is borne on every breeze, from clime to clime.
 Her triumphs in the field, and on the main,
 When, e'en in infancy, her powerful hand,
 With grasp Herculean, crushed the mighty foe.
 They live in History!—they breathe in Song!—
 Look, o'er her proudest heights—see! floating wide,
 The Star-gemmed Banner of the BRAVE and FREE—
 'T was planted there by glorious WASHINGTON !